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PRESIDENT WILSON'S address will convince most Americans that the enactment of a new tax law is really a matter of urgency. There is not now, and never can be, a question of the ability of the United States to bear any financial burden involved in its war programme, however much that programme may develop under stress of circumstances. The capacity of the American people to absorb war loans is equal to its capacity to produce the goods and provide the services in which such loans must be invested. But to enlarge a war programme on a basis of borrowings alone means inflation of prices, industrial complications and immense increase in the cost of the war. Sound financial policy demands increase in taxation to counteract the effect of increased loans. This has long been recognized by financial experts: it is the unique fortune of the United States that its affairs are under the guidance of a statesman whose financial insight is of the clearest and whose personal and political prestige is so overpowering that there can be no serious dissent from his conclusions. American financial practice in the past has left much to be desired. From the time of the Revolution our government has mismanaged its finances in every time of strain down to the presidency of Woodrow Wilson. History will record, however, that under President Wilson's leadership our financial record has been marked by greater energy and intelligence than that displayed by any other nation in this war.

FINANCIAL considerations alone do not, however, sufficiently explain the President's action in forcing a weary and reluctant Congress to undertake the task of preparing a new tax law. Since the last law was enacted it has become clear that the sacrifice that must be borne by American manhood will be much greater than had been contemplated. Before the war is over the American army in France will have developed from a valued auxiliary force into a huge machine capable of thrusting back the main weight of the enemy armies. More and more this is coming to be our war, to be won by the blood of our soldiers. But if our soldiers must face increased sacrifices for the honor of the nation, shall we who stay at home limit our pecuniary sacrifices to the measure fixed a year ago? This would be to dishonor ourselves in the eyes of all those who must serve at the risk of their lives. Out of our normal incomes we ought to pay a much larger proportion in taxation. And out of the chance incomes, swelled by the very increase of our military programme, a still larger proportion should be covered into the national treasury. We cannot prevent the emergence of profits in a time of war prices. But there is no reason why we should tolerate the profiteering that arises when the returns from war prices are inadequately taxed. Even if the treasury did not need additional taxation revenues, a due consideration of the conditions of popular morale would demand drastic revision of the schedules of profits taxation. The parents of men who are facing death in France ought not to be mocked by the spectacle of mushroom fortunes shooting up from the soil of war.

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ON one point German statecraft is in perfect accord with currently prevalent Allied statecraft: there is to be no frank exchange of labor views across the lines drawn by the war. Hjalmar Branting has been compelled to acknowledge defeat in his attempt to transmit the war aims memorandum of the British Labor party to the Socialist parties of the Central Powers. From Stockholm, Branting, after a vain effort to send the memorandum by courier, forwarded copies by registered mail to Scheidemann and Haase in Berlin, to Adler in Vienna and Buchinger in Budapest and to Sakasoff and Kyetkoff in Sofia. None arrived, and Vorwärts does not hesitate to ascribe their disappearance to the activities of the German authorities. It is not hard to understand why the German government should be so careful to guard the German working class against the contamination of the British example. Suppose that the Social Democrats of the Central Powers were led to formulate their own aims: they would not be so far from those of British labor as to offer adequate justification for the indefinite prolongation of the war. And as the aims of the British Labor party and of President Wilson are obviously gaining control of Allied diplomacy, an unreserved exchange of views between German and British labor would expose the ambitions of the German governing caste as the only serious obstacle to peace. Naturally the German autocracy is not eager thus to be exposed as the engineer of continued war. But why should anyone in the Allied world second it in its desire for the suppression of labor views?

IN the entire Slavic world there is no more distinguished figure than Professor Masaryk, President of the Czecho-Slovak revolutionary government, now by our good fortune visiting America. Most of us are almost wholly in the dark as to what should be done and what can be done toward establishing the Czecho-Slovak nation in its rights of self-determination, and we shall listen eagerly to the words of Professor Masaryk, as of one whose conclusions are based upon the facts and whose reputation for intellectual integrity is unimpeachable. Professor Masaryk is also in position to speak for Russia, a country which he knows thoroughly. In a recent interview he offers us the cheering information that Russia, far from falling under German influence, is steadily becoming more anti-German. The Russians did not know Germany before: they are being enlightened as to her methods. This is true of the Bolsheviki as of the people. As to methods of aiding Russia, Professor Masaryk warns us against antagonizing the existing government. We must work through it, whether we care to recognize it or not. To intervene by arms without the consent of the government might rescue Siberia from the danger of German influence, but it would throw European Russia into the arms of Germany. With the growing antagonism of the Bolsheviki to Germany, an army may yet be formed that will oppose the Germans, and military intervention in its support and with Russian consent may become desirable.

PROFESSOR MASARYK'S opinion on the present inexpediency of military intervention in Russia is confirmed by the opinions of most other competent observers, both Russians and Americans, of recent residence in Russia. Their reports are undoubtedly having a profound effect upon the Allied governments. The attitude of our own government is unmistakably averse to military intervention, and we are informed by a London dispatch to the Times that "the closer the British government examines the project of Allied intervention in Siberia the less inclined it is to enter on this policy." Does this mean that the Allied world should simply forget about Russia? By no means. There is an extraordinary opportunity for Allied intervention in the Russian economic sphere. Social conditions in Russia are far from the complete anarchy pictured in the interventionist propaganda. But the economic state is bad, not so much on account of the failure of the Russians to produce as on account of the breakdown of the machinery of transport and exchange. There is a fair prospect that Russia can be saved, economically, if the Allies, and America in particular, will provide Russia with experts in business and railway administration. They would have to work with the Soviets, and would have to be animated by a spirit of sympathy for the Russians as such, not for the Russians as potential cannon fodder. Economic rehabilitation might indeed bring Russia back into the war; but this ought not to be its main purpose. Russia must be rehabilitated very soon if she is not to lie open to German penetration after the war.

ENEMIES at home should be listed under two heads. There are those who either frankly or furtively, but for the most part furtively, are doing what they can to embarrass the government in the prosecution of the war. But in addition there are those who while supporting the government in the prosecution of the war are doing what they can to defeat the positive political purposes which the American government has associated with the prosecution of the war in the minds of the American people. The Navy League of the United States seems to be a candidate for membership in the second list. In a pamphlet recently issued it

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viciously attacks the master principle upon which the President has based his appeal to the American people for loyal and inexhaustible support—the principle that as a consequence of the defeat of Germany a society of nations could be brought into existence which would discourage aggressive nationalism and enable democracies to concentrate their attention hereafter upon the solution of their own domestic problems. The emphasis and dissemination of this principle has been America's contribution to the politics of the war, and it is a contribution which was born of all that was best in our national tradition and ideals.

THE Navy League not only attacks the principle underlying a society of nations, but it does so for reasons which are common to jingoes of all nations. "A dangerous and insidious movement is under way," it declares, "for doing away with America's national navy at the close of the war and of pooling our navy and the protection of our interests and our national honor in charge of a partnership in which Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey shall be members—and combined they will have four times as many votes in the cabal as America is to have. In the interest of some platitudinous brotherhood of men we are being urged to submerge the sovereignty of these United States." . . . "At the close of this war there must be a brotherhood of Americans—Americans First, American Business First, the American Navy First." Could there be a more perfect expression than this of the spirit which makes for perpetual warfare and which, if it is allowed to dominate the policy of the country, would result in raising up against the United States the embittered resentment which the German government has raised against its own country? This is precisely the kind of propaganda which the Navy League of Germany, with von Tirpitz at its head, flooded Germany for years before the war. Fortunately there is no more chance of the American people being converted by it than that they will be converted to revolutionary syndicalism.

ROSE PASTOR STOKES has been convicted by a jury of seditious utterances against the United States, and, if the conviction is sustained, she will be fined or imprisoned or both. If we considered that the suppression of statements such as those Mrs. Stokes uttered would be of any real assistance to the armed forces of the United States in defeating the armed forces of Germany, we could look on the conviction of Mrs. Stokes with equanimity. It is entirely possible to defeat the German army now, whereas in the long run it will scarcely be possible to prevent Mrs. Stokes speaking her mind to the American public. If we have to make an exclusive choice, we are for defeating the German army. But we are quite unable to see that the choice is exclusive, and in our opinion the course of the government in prosecuting Socialist agitators for the kind of statements uttered by Mrs. Stokes is nicely adjusted to do more harm to the American than to the German cause. A woman writes a letter to a local newspaper in which she associates the war policy of the American government with profiteering. If no attention had been drawn to it it would have been read by a few thousand people, dismissed by nine-tenths of them as silly, and accepted as gospel by an exceedingly small minority who already had the same idea fastened firmly in their heads. The government decides to prosecute. The offending words are read by millions instead of by a few thousand, and all people who have any disposition to believe them are the more likely to yield to the disposition, resenting suppression. The prosecution and the conviction increases an existing difference of opinion about American participation in the war instead of ameliorating it, and it raises a barrier against the increasing support of the war which the President's policy was winning among Socialists. Yet it is almost universally approved in the public press—a press which at one time was edited by men conspicuous for a sense of humor.

Intervention in Russia

TO be altogether easy about Russia is possible only for those who do not think at all, or whose thinking reels with cloudy phrases. In Russia the people now hold supreme power, but the land is afflicted by disorder, epidemics and starvation. Russia has achieved peace, but is this peace anything but the momentary blaze of sunlight between crashing storms? Russia is independent, but the German spy is omnipresent, setting his wits against those of every man whose sole interest is the welfare of Russia. It may be that the forces behind revolutionary Russia are so powerful that neither discord within nor malevolence without can check them in their fated progress toward a new order. But it may be otherwise. Who shall say that Russia is not desperately in need of energetic assistance from those who believe in democracy?

Lenine and his followers would doubtless say, Russia can take care of her own problems. If she fails, the ruin is her own, not that of the western nations. But this is to fall back upon the dream of national isolation from which the world has been so tragically awakened by the war. It matters to us as it matters to Lenine whether Russia shall be

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a democracy, self-dependent, hopeful, creative, or a renewed autocracy still further perverted by alien intrigue. If we can aid Russia, it is our right as well as our duty. This is the tenable moral basis for the agitation now abroad for armed intervention in Russia, to help Russia against the Germans and to secure Russian aid against the Germans. The project is not one that can be dismissed simply as unwarranted interference in affairs with which the western nations have nothing to do. It must be judged good or evil according to the effects that may reasonably be expected to flow from it.

Neither can the project be dismissed as a mere device by which private interests may gain international protection against the forces in Russia that threaten them with extinction. To be sure, one would be innocent indeed if he failed to recognize that such interests are active in the propaganda for intervention in Russia. Foreign investments in Russia are enormous—those of France alone must exceed $4,000,000,000, and those of England, Belgium and America may amount to two billions more. Other billions measure the holdings of Russians in exile, or crying from Russia for foreign succor. All these billions are naturally making themselves heard. But there is much more in the movement for intervention than the agony of confiscated wealth. Of those who plead for intervention the clearest headed and most purely patriotic insist that any movement in this direction must be preceded by a solemn declaration of all the Allied Powers that not a foot of Russian soil will be seized, not a single concession extorted, not the least interference in domestic affairs attempted. The Soviets may continue to rule, if the people will; they may follow Bolshevik principles, nationalizing land and industry if they can make the principles work. All that the Soviets are requested to give is right of way for an Allied force directed against the German frontier and the chance to draw to the Allied standards any Russians who still may wish to fight for the integrity of their country.

With Allied intervention thus hedged about by restrictions, would it not be welcomed even by the Bolsheviki, if they are really not pro-German at heart? On this point practically all reports out of Russia agree: the Bolsheviki would at present oppose it. The Allied governments might make solemn promises, but the Bolsheviki would not accept them as made in good faith. Lenine is still talking about the war as merely a conflict of reactionary imperialisms. He is still assuming that the reason why America has not favored Japanese intervention in Siberia is because America has economic ambitions of her own in the Russian dominions. But "tomorrow the American bourgeoisie may come to terms with the Japanese and the English with the German"; and what will then be the fate of the Soviet republic? How Lenine would regard Allied intervention is sufficiently clear. Trotzky is supposed to be more militant in his attitude toward Germany. He would raise volunteers to repel German aggression, but no one suggests that he would not be as eager to raise volunteers to exclude an Allied armed force, no matter what the announced intentions of the Allied governments might be. Nor does anyone cite a single Bolshevik leader, either in Moscow or in the provinces, who is ready to accept responsibility for inviting Allied forces to Russia.

But who are the Bolsheviki, after all, that their consent to Allied intervention should be deemed of especial importance? Is not their hold upon the Russian people so feeble that a show of vigorous action on the part of the Allied governments would dislodge them? We have here to deal with questions of fact, and the evidence is conflicting. Some of the witnesses from Russia assert that the Bolsheviki are supported by only a fragment of the population, and others assert that they command the allegiance of the whole of the people, with the exception of the expropriated property owners and the disgruntled intellectuals. Most Americans have had enough experience with political reporters at home to be wary of such testimony. It is significant that from all the wide territories that remain to Russia, credible reports of organized resistance to the sway of the Bolsheviki come only from extreme Siberia, where General Semenoff, operating from Chinese soil and supplied with Japanese munitions, manages to hold together a few hundred irreconcilables. Nothing that comes out of Russia indicates that either the peasants or the workmen are turning against the Bolsheviki. We are indeed gravely informed by various American newspapers that the "great middle class" is violently opposed to the Bolsheviki. But there never has been a great middle class in Russia. We may conjecture that the middle class bears a larger proportion to the population in Siberia than in old Russia, and that it is as bitterly opposed to the Bolsheviki. Yet it offers only negligible support to the Semenoff movement. The absolute power of the Bolsheviki may not be great, but we are given no clue to any other party that is anywhere powerful enough to overthrow them.

Such appears to be the present condition, and so long as it obtains, the opposition of the Bolsheviki to the admission to Russia of an Allied military force means that such a force would encounter resistance. How great this resistance might be we have no means of knowing. The dispersed soldiers carried their rifles and some machine guns home with them and are certainly not altogether without

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ammunition. If there is not much capacity for regular fighting left in them, they might nevertheless prove dangerous guerilla fighters. It is worth noting that the Germans, even after the disintegration of the Russian army, never ventured on long incursions beyond easily defended lines of communications. They would not today dare to send a division or two so far from their base as Novgorod. They do not feel entirely comfortable in the Ukraine. A hostile population is a much more serious problem than most of us are wont to recognize.

The potential power of resistance of the Russian people remains considerable, and the pertinent question is, could the Bolsheviki invoke it? Let us bear in mind that they are past masters in propaganda. Nothing but propaganda carried their power from city to city, from commune to commune, throughout the immense empire. It is asserted by the enemies of the Bolsheviki that they overthrew the Korniloff rebellion not by valor or military skill but by propaganda among Korniloff's followers. Assume this to be true: it is only a further proof of their skill in the use of this weapon. What slightest reason have we for supposing that they would not succeed in arousing in the masses of the people hostility to an Allied expeditionary force proceeding without their consent and rallying men of the classes they have overthrown?

We are not urging that resistance would necessarily be desperate or beyond the power of an expeditionary force to overcome. An organized and well equipped force of modest size could probably overwhelm in battle any force that could be got together anywhere in Russia. But the possibility of resistance greatly affects the character of the military problem. It is assumed, in most of the plans for an expedition into Russia, that operations will proceed from Vladivostok. This is, roughly speaking, seven thousand miles by rail, mostly single track and not in good condition, to the German front. An Allied force of fifty thousand men would be taking great chances in operating with such means of communication, even if the whole country were friendly. If it were hostile, even in no very high degree, every mile of track would have to be guarded. Perhaps enough anti-Bolshevik Russians could be enlisted in Siberia and eastern Russia to guard the railway line and even to swell the expeditionary force to the magnitude of a real army by the time it came within striking distance of the German front. Almost anything is possible in Russia, but the project does not look at all like a soberly planned military enterprise. It savors too much of the projects of an Alexander or a Cortez.

Still, it may be said, if an Allied expedition from Vladivostok encountered resistance, it would at least be able to wrest from the Bolsheviki first the territory east of Baikal, and then, after a long period of preparations, all the territory up to the Urals. And this would encourage the anti-Bolshevik elements in old Russia to rise. Possibly. Let us bear in mind, however, that such an outcome would quite have perverted the original plan of the expedition. According to that plan we were to set out with a solemn assurance that no Russian soil would be held by the Allies, and that we should not interfere in Russian domestic affairs. All we desired to do was to strike Germany from the rear. But by a natural evolution of events we should find ourselves in the role of conquerors of more than one-half of the soil of Russia, and separated from the German boundary by two thousand miles of territory flaming with civil war that we had caused. Nothing worse than this, however, would happen provided that the Germans did absolutely nothing while we were working out our successes and failures.

But we are beginning to know the Germans. We know that they would not sit quiet, when with a relatively small force thrown to one side or the other in a civil war they could make themselves the real rulers of Russia. We know that they are not sitting quiet now, but are using the clamor for an expeditionary force from Vladivostok as a basis for anti-Allied propaganda in Russia. Were the force once landed and actually advancing westward, the Germans would know how to win over the party in Russia now most bitterly opposed to them. And if the Germans could attach permanently to their side the masses of the people of old Russia, they could afford to let their enemies hold as much of Siberia as they pleased until the time was ripe for a further change in the world equilibrium.

To send an Allied expedition into Russia, under appropriate guaranties of Russian civil and territorial integrity, would be excellent policy, provided that we could be assured of the consent of the Russian people, or at least of no opposition that is not purely passive. We cannot be assured of Russian consent so long as the Bolsheviki remain dominant and in their present mood toward us. Possibly their dominance is shadowy and of no account. If this is the case we can afford to wait until they give way to a regime that will invite our aid against Germany. Possibly, too, their dominance rests upon solid foundation, and that they can be brought around by skilful diplomacy to an acceptance of our aid against the common foe. But so long as they remain in power and are prepared to resist our intervention, the best of intentions on our part could not insure us against the disasters attendant upon a civil war from which only our enemies could possibly profit.

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A Gleam of Light in Germany

THE German military party may conceivably be content with the state in which the empire now finds itself. The war map is still in their favor, and if the weight of the opposing forces is growing, the disaster this portends lies in the future. It is characteristic of the military mind to gamble with the future. But the civil parties of Germany can not possibly be content. They must recognize that whether Germany holds her own or suffers defeat, there is a tremendous problem of rehabilitation ahead of them. Industry must expand to absorb the man power released from war and the supplying of war materials. The production of wealth must proceed apace if the disorders of national bankruptcy are not to follow upon the hardships of war. And this means that Germany must win back her former place in the world's economic system. She might virtually annex her European allies and great stretches of Slavic territory to the east but this would not redress her economic balance. From Poland, Rumania and the Ukraine Germany might draw food supplies, to compete with her own agriculture. Prosperity she can draw only from the great currents of sea-borne trade.

Do the Germans themselves recognize this? We may infer that many of them are revolving the problem seriously, from the reports of a speech by Professor Schulze-Gaevernitz in a recent Reichstag debate. Schulze-Gaevernitz is one of Germany's most authoritative writers on foreign trade, and usually reflects faithfully the opinion of the export and shipping interests of the nation.

Immediately after the war, in the opinion of this authority, Germany must reestablish her export industries on a higher level than before the war. "First and foremost, the export of goods of high value must be promoted." Only in this way can Germany replenish her stocks of raw materials and maintain the value of her public securities. One obstacle, "the war after the war," does not appear to Schulze-Gaevernitz as tragically important. A world combination against Germany is easier to conceive than to put into effect. More serious is the danger that each of the nations opposed to Germany will adopt a policy of economic nationalism, levying heavy duties on all foreign goods. Nevertheless, Germany can survive an era of economic nationalism, provided that she is nowhere discriminated against, either in the matter of import duties or in the matter of supplies of raw materials. The establishment of a non-discriminating regime "is the most important war aim, not only for Germany but for all the nations interested in world economy—an equal place in the sun for everybody."

"A place in the sun"—one anticipates an assertion that the good German sword must win it, shearing through the web of hostile intrigue and discrimination. But no, Professor Schulze-Gaevernitz proposes that Germany herself shall mend her ways. She must discontinue the practice of "dumping" which made the German exporter detested throughout the world. As everyone knows, the Germany of the last decades before the war pursued a policy of undercutting, of cut-throat competition, precisely like that of our own trusts in the ruthless nineties. The world will not tolerate such methods in the future, and Professor Schulze-Gaevernitz suggests that Germany declare her readiness to organize an international authority charged with securing the honest observance of the most-favored nation rule.

But suppose that in the peace Germany is assured absolute equality throughout the world: would this be enough to restore her economic position? Professor Schulze-Gaevernitz admits sadly that formal treaty arrangements are not enough. "No treaty of peace can guard us against the rejection of our wares, and this without any breach of a formal stipulation regarding equal rights. . . Behind every exchange of goods lie moral imponderabilia."

Germany, let us recall, has no important staples to export, with the one exception of potash. Manufactured goods, in which the cost of materials is a relatively unimportant item, are her chief hope for economic rehabilitation. But the factor of sentiment plays an extremely significant part in the demand for such goods. Feeling as we now do toward Germany, how many of us would grasp eagerly at German stuffs, German toys, German cutlery? Their value is weighed down, for the present, by the "moral imponderabilia."

Well, throw the sword into the other side of the scales, the German militarist would urge. Professor Schulze-Gaevernitz offers a very different solution. Modernize the government of Germany. "Nothing has so estranged the world from us as our system of government hitherto. Every business man who has lived abroad has learned for himself that in this system of government lie rooted the lack of sympathy and the mistrust that have confronted the German trader everywhere."

Doubtless there are few Germans whose insight into world economic relations is so keen as that of Schulze-Gaevernitz. There are still fewer who dare to express such convictions at the present time. But there will be more after the war, when all Germany comes to a realization of the handicaps which she has raised against her own prosperity and when the military party must submit to a civil audit.

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Labor Administration

FOR every man who goes to the trenches, four workers are needed in the fields, factories and shipyards. To send men to France without providing an adequate base of supplies at home and securing the lines of communication across the sea would be not only criminal folly but national suicide. As a common sense proposition the people of America fully appreciate this obvious truth. The President long ago recognized it as a crucial practical proposition. He has created the National Food Administration, a War Industries Board, a Fuel Administration, the Emergency Fleet Corporation and a National Railroad Administration.

But none of these divisions of our industrial army organization can fulfill its function without men and an Industrial General Staff to devise and execute a consistent and inclusive industrial strategy. The distribution of men to strengthen weak points in the line, the establishment and enforcement of standards to ensure sustained productive efficiency, the creation and operation of machinery to adjust grievances and prevent strikes, the housing of workers, the education of the industrial army and the people among whom they live to the needs and policies of the government—all these things are essential if the men in the trenches are not to be left, like the soldiers of Russia, to fight on empty stomachs and with bare hands.

That is why President Wilson by executive order vested the Secretary of Labor with the title and powers of a National Labor Administrator, and instructed him to create a Labor Policies Board and a War Labor Administration to put the government's policies with respect to labor into effective execution. Months ago the Secretary of Labor created what has come to be known as the Taft-Walsh Board, a board representative of organized business and organized labor which forthwith codified the government's labor policy. Two weeks ago the Secretary of Labor appointed Mr. Felix Frankfurter as Assistant War Labor Administrator to unify the scattered industrial services of the various producing departments and to weld them into a single National Labor Administration Board. This has now been done. The General Staff of our industrial army has been organized; its policies approved by the President and published; its executive strategy defined. It is ready to assume responsibility for keeping the flow of necessary munitions constant and the line of communications open across the sea. But its hands are tied because Congress obdurately refuses to grant the Secretary of Labor's request for necessary funds.

What are the requests of the Department of Labor now enlarged by executive order to include the War Labor Administration, that Congress should deny them? We have grown accustomed to billions in connection with requests for guns, aircraft and ships. Here is a Department charged with the mobilization and control of men to build guns, aircraft and ships; with the standardization of wages, hours, units of efficient production; with the adjustment of grievances and the prevention of strikes, any one of which if it tied up the coal mines or the railroads or the shipyards even for a few days would cost the nation millions in money and an incalculable loss of life. For the continuation of its normal peace-time work, which includes the operation of a national conciliation service, a national employment service, the Federal Bureau of Immigration, the Naturalization Bureau, the Children's Bureau, the Child Labor Service and the uniquely important Bureau of Labor Statistics, the Department has asked for the surprisingly modest sum of $4,950,431 to cover the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1919. This is an increase of only half a million dollars over the amount allowed for these peace-time activities for the year ending June 30th, 1918. To meet the extraordinary demands of the war the Department is asking for a supplementary appropriation of $1,250,000 for the enlargement of its employment service, one of the crucial activities of the war government, and $1,556,360 for all the new services that must be created. This is a grand total of less than $8,000,000.

As compared with the requests and the appropriations actually granted to other Departments of coordinate importance, these requests are almost ridiculously small. Their very modesty and the dignified restraint of the Secretary of Labor in urging them, probably have something to do with the failure of Congress to give them prompt and serious consideration. Even President Wilson has failed to give them the aggressive support which he has frequently accorded the requests of other crucial services. He has continued to pile fresh responsibilities upon the Department of Labor and the War Labor Administration without himself sufficiently impressing upon the public and Congress the importance of these responsibilities.

If we may judge by the experience of England and France, it is not extravagant to say that the effectiveness of the War Labor Administration will determine the effectiveness of our prosecution of the war. It has come to be a commonplace to say that this is a war of industry as much as it is a war of battalions and guns. And yet while we appropriate billions for munitions, we have so little imagination that we calmly permit Congress to withhold support from the Department in which the President has vested the power and responsibility

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for supervising the men who are to produce the guns—the Department upon whose strength as the war goes on the offensive power of our forces in the field may well depend. Heroism under drumfire will be wasted heroism unless it commands an adequate supply of food and munitions. To keep food and munitions moving smoothly and continuously forward to the fighting line is preeminently the function of our Industrial General Staff, the War Labor Board.

For four months the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives has been practising sabotage—"the conscientious withholding of efficiency"—upon the Department of Labor. Congress has been passing laws making the practice or advocacy of sabotage a crime. The time has come for Congress to set a good example to the men in the factories and shipyards. If it will put an end to its sabotage against the War Labor Administration, the Department of Justice will have less occasion to ferret out sabotage in the munitions plants and on the farms. The money for which the Secretary of Labor is asking is essential to the vitality of the War Labor Administration.

A Reconciliation

IT was on Mr. Taft's initiative that he and Mr. Roosevelt were reconciled, if reconciled they are. When Mr. Taft heard of Mr. Roosevelt's illness last winter he sent a cordial telegram and got a cordial reply. This decent, friendly, kindly interchange began without thought of personal or party advantage. Will such a thought ever be a welcome intruder? The question cannot be answered until the congressional elections have come a little nearer. Even if Mr. Roosevelt should decide to cash in on this reconciliation, his partisan motive will wear patriotic clothes.

To whom did the reconciliation come easier? To Mr. Taft, because he has what the French call une âme facile. To Mr. Roosevelt, because his mind is too active and too crammed to be a hospitable storage warehouse for old feuds, because his mental attitude is pragmatic. He loses interest in a resentment which he can put to no use.

To whom did the reconciliation come harder? To Mr. Taft, because he never understood the questions of principle which took and deserved high rank among Mr. Roosevelt's reasons for quarreling with him. Because of this great blindness Mr. Taft must have believed that the principles were after thoughts. He probably thought he saw in Mr. Roosevelt a man to whom an old friendship meant nothing—if it got in his way—except rubbish to be removed.

But people may say there is at least one reason for guessing that it was Mr. Roosevelt to whom the reconciliation came hard. Why he ever picked out Mr. Taft as his successor in the presidency is still a mystery. Did he make a genuine mistake, gross as a mountain, open, palpable, about Mr. Taft's character? Or did he half suspect that Mr. Taft might so conduct the business of being President as to render himself ineligible for a second term? Except in the eyes of Mr. Roosevelt's more loyal friends, and possibly in his own, he has never satisfactorily eluded this dilemma.

These considerations, whatever their force, are nevertheless not a reason for supposing that Mr. Roosevelt was reluctant to be reconciled. For Mr. Taft as a friend is not a more awkward question than he has been as a foe.

The whole truth as to the origin of the reconciliation will probably never be known, least of all to the two chief actors, neither of whom has the disposition or the power to consider his own motives curiously. And something else remains unrevealed. Six years ago the country was thrown into convulsions by a difference of opinion between its President and its ex-President. There was supposed to be a fundamental antagonism of attitudes toward American democracy. The question now arises whether Mr. Taft has convinced Mr. Roosevelt or whether Mr. Roosevelt has convinced Mr. Taft.

Yes, the past and not the future is in this case the unknowable, for indeed everybody is certain what the future is to bring forth. The reconciliation, whether as mere modus vivendi or as genuine revival of old feelings, will last until Mr. Taft is again elected President or again becomes a ponderable candidate for the Republican nomination. In other words, it will last.

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Cannon

The Proving

ABERDEEN, in Maryland. A long row of cannon, in many sizes.

In front of the cannon, certain scaffoldings, high and slender. A double row of them. Each of them looks like a gallows. Two rows of gallows, paralleling the row of cannon.

Back of the cannon, a platform and a row of wooden towers. Back of the towers, sheds. In the doors of the sheds, shells.

(Out of every thousand shells manufactured, we send five to a proving-ground to be examined and analyzed and discharged. It is the boast of Aberdeen that it does not go to sleep till all the shells received on any given day have been finally discharged and the results completely telegraphed to the Ordnance Department at Washington or to the manufacturers.)

Back of the sheds, the barracks—numerous barracks—wooden, oblong, staunch enough but clearly in haste.

A drum sounds and, with it, in time with it, bugles. I turn and see a column of men marching. They march well. They are soldiers. But they wear overalls. They are special United States Ordnance Troops.

They have become Special Ordnance Troops quite suddenly. There was a demand at Aberdeen not long ago for bags, more bags, lots more bags, for powder-charges. The bag-sewers in camp were toiling diligently but not successfully. They could not keep pace with the demand. Up then spoke a gallant young private.

"May I speak, sir?" said he to the Officer-in-Charge. "Speak on," said the Officer. "You see, sir," said the lad, "I'm vice-president of a babies' underwear company. I know all about sewing. And if you'd let me go home to my factory for a couple of days, I'd come back with enough sewed bags to win the war." "Go to it," said the Officer. He went, he returned, he delivered.

There are some 1,500 privates at Aberdeen now. The marching column, which attracts me with its drum and with its bugles, is long; and it is dusty. It gathers dust from the improvised unpaved streets between the barracks. It gathers dust from the open truck-tracked space lying hot and bare between the Commander's office and the long gun-platform. It reaches the gun-platform in a thick mist of dust, flaking and fluttering, an armor of dust, eye-proof, yellow. There the wind smites that yellow and shatters it; and, beyond the cannon, beyond the scaffoldings, I see a great stretch of freshest green.

And I see, a way off, a group of farm-houses. They look singularly peaceful. They are dead, deserted. They are sacrifices. Beyond them the range runs on, for many miles, to water. And then, on the water, on Chesapeake Bay, it runs on for many miles more. And there are patrol-boats out there, trying to persuade fishermen not to be targets. And there are officers out there, spotting the shells as they fall on the water. And the shells are coming to be many.

In the old days, on the old proving-ground at Sandy Hook, the officers called it a good day's work when they fired twenty or thirty shells. Here at Aberdeen they are now firing about 2,000 shells a day. And pretty soon they will be firing 12,000.

I walk along the gun-platform till I come to the extreme left end of it. The firing is about to begin. Men have climbed up into the towers, and they sit there with split-second watches. Men have run out to the scaffolding, and they have adorned them with squares of wires and with strips of shiny paper. Men are standing by the cannon with cotton-waste in their ears, and strings of it straggling across their cheeks. I examine the two cannon immediately in front of me.

They are American 75's. They are specimens of the "Model of 1916," which so shook our national composure when we failed to be able to manufacture it in quantity. They were made, these two specimens, at the Rock Island Arsenal, for test. Our future efforts to manufacture the "Model of 1916" will be guided by the results of this test. It will be a fairly complete test. These specimens will be fired till they are wrecked. The carriages will be totally ruined, and the cannon themselves will be totally ruined. It will be a test to "destruction." It will cost 40,000 shells and 500,000 dollars. These guns will die a long and perfect death.

And in order to make them feel as miserable as possible while dying, the officers in charge of them this morning have "elevated" them and have "traversed" them to their limit. The nose of each gun is tilted as far as possible to the sky and is swerved as far as possible to the left. The gun lies diagonally athwart the carriage. No such extreme posture, no posture really at all like it, can be taken by the French 75 or by the British 75. But the strain on the carriage is terrific. It needs its *split*-trail, its *two* trails, projecting behind it into the dirt, and sinking their "spades" down deep into the dirt, to steady it.

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The officer in charge of one of these cannon raises his whistle to his lips. His soldiers have got his cannon loaded. One of them is standing expectant with the firing-cord in his hand. The officer blows on his whistle twice. The soldier with the firing-cord gives it a smart yank. With a roar the cannon lunges instantly and viciously back and down across the carriage toward the right, and it lifts the carriage's left wheel clear out of its rut into the air. But in every other part the carriage is perfectly calm. And the recoil and the counter-recoils are utterly smooth.

The recoil, a cylinder, is on top of the cannon. The counter-recoils, two cylinders, are underneath it. The recoil is filled with oil. The counter-recoils are filled with springs. As the gun comes back, it carries with it the whole of the cylinder-casing of the recoil on top, leaving a piston-rod visible and gleaming; and it carries with it also, underneath, two gleaming rods out of the counter-recoils. So, as you watch, you get accustomed to seeing four things come back across the carriage with every shot—the gun itself, the cylinder-casing on top and the two rods underneath. And you get accustomed, in a rhythm, to the vicious lunge, so sudden, and the smooth recovery and smooth return, so gentle, so velvety. And you begin to understand what "design" means.

I stand and I watch that cannon do fifty shots in thirty minutes. It has done a total now of some 3,000 shots. And the only breakages are of little minor parts, easily strengthened. The "design" itself stands up intact, beautiful.

I walk down the platform. All the guns are firing now. I pass our British-model 8-inch howitzer and our British-model 9.2-inch howitzer. I have already learned their notes. The smaller guns discharge with a bang. These larger guns rise to a splitting crash. They have the pitch of a lightning discharge. I have the good fortune to see some men in uniform putting their fingers to their ears. I gladly succumb to my own inclination and follow their example.

Intricate things, those British models! Full of quips and cranks openly stuck on wherever instantly practicable and serviceable. "Designed" like a Thackeray novel. And then I see a French-model 155-millimeter gun—the Filloux!

All the French models are neat; the French 75 is neat; it will not do the tricks of high-angle fire and of side-angle fire that our American 75 will do; but it does its own tricks, its own limited tricks, with a neatness most exquisite; and it looks it. But this Filloux!

I see it, and almost refuse to believe that I see it. Every working part, every moving mechanism, seems to have disappeared. No quips, no cranks, no thingumjigs, no dinkuses—nothing. It has gone so far toward sophistication that it has returned to childhood. It looks like a child's idea of a cannon—a toy-cannon. The recoil, the counter-recoil, the cannon itself, the whole "design," seems to be nothing but a blank block of metal sitting on two wheels with two lank legs of steel spread out behind it—a big-bellied insect. The viscera are viscera. They are concealed. Excrescences have gone. All visible labors have gone. The entire infinite art of the thing has got under cover—and such a fitting cover! It is blank, it is stark, as death itself.

One could reconstruct all three nations from these cannon: the clumsy, undeterred immediate practicalness of the British; the limitless perfection, within a strictly limited ambition, of the French; and the sky-high audacity of the Americans, which sometimes lands on an unbelievable star and sticks there and sometimes over-leaps itself and falls off into a bottomless void, laughing.

The officers in the towers are looking at white puff-balls. All our adopted calibres, all our adopted types, of guns are here, in the small sizes and the middle sizes and the middle-heavy sizes—except one. That one is yet to come. All the others are present. Therefore all our cannon-ammunition, in all the small and middle and middle-heavy sizes—except one—can here be tested. And it is being here tested. And this platform is the platform for shrapnel.

Twelve seconds after a discharge, or seventeen seconds, or twenty seconds, as the time-fuse may be fixed to say, there is a white puff-ball on the far blue; and the officers in the towers write down their records and express their opinions of that time-fuse; but what I worry about is those scaffoldings. The shells go straight through them. They pierce those squares of wires. They pierce those strips of shiny paper.

"The shiny-paper method is our own invention," says an officer. "Now watch. In front of that gun there are two scaffoldings, in direct line with it. The shell pierces the paper—we call it a shield—on the first scaffolding; and then it pierces the paper—the shield—on the second. Now come with me."

I follow him to a little low work-room at the end of the platform. On a table I see a little motor, very busy, and a revolving metal plate, revolving very fast. This plate has a rim; and, inside the rim, all around inside it, there is a paper-tape.

"Now look," says the officer. "Here's the tape for the shot you saw. You will notice two spots on it. The first spot was made by an electric spark coming through a wire from that first scaffolding at the precise instant when the shell pierced that first shield. The second spot was made by an elec-

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tric spark similarly from the second shield. We know the exact fixed distance between those two shields. We measure the distance on this tape between these two spots. We know the exact fixed rate of speed at which this motor turns and at which this tape was traveling. That gives us our time-element. And hence we know, at once, the muzzle-velocity of that gun. It was 1,730 feet a second. It's a very quick method. Here's the young man who invented it."

The young man who invented it is very young. And he looks happy. And he deserves to.

And it is the end of the morning; and we all go off to the officers' mess; and we all pay seventy-five cents for great quantities of eggs and potatoes and stuffed peppers and iced tea and sweets, excellent; and we all rise as one man from our repast on a signal from some presumably very high war-lord to the effect that we have all of us now simultaneously eaten enough; and I proceed in a flivver to a different gun-platform, a trench-mortar-platform.

People walk along this platform and drop shells down the muzzles of three-inch mortars, just drop them down, casually. And the shells rise visible, ludicrously visible, high into the air and then tumble, end over end, like sticks, into the midst of other people, who stand waiting for them, with lifted faces, a few hundred yards off. These other people jump a bit now and then, but only a bit. Your three-inch trench-mortar is a deadly sport, but it is a sport. There are chances in it, human chances.

But I proceed at last to a place where there are no human chances. I proceed to the high-explosive stockade.

I go on a "scooter," a flat little railroad-car, equipped with a gasoline motor; and I go along several miles of new railroad-track, all within the Aberdeen Proving Ground; and I pass over an inlet from Chesapeake Bay; and there is a dock being built there; and there are numerous other structures being built at numerous other spots along this new railroad-track; and the vastness of it all comes upon me. Several hundred officers; 1,500 privates; and some 2,500 civilian workmen working at structures to be used by additional hundreds of officers and additional thousands of privates just to make tests of "acceptance" and tests of "development" for cannon and for cannon-ammunition in this one section of the country!

There is no failure here in broadness of plan. There is no failure here in vigor of intention.

We reach the stockade. It is a thing of timbers and of earth, a sort of bomb-proof, in compartments, with a corridor. In each compartment stands a cannon. No shrapnel here. High explosives only. And we make a solemn distinction between those two things. At the shrapnel-platform we watched the cannon. Here we do not watch them at all.

When a cannon is loaded here, we take the firing-cord, the lanyard; and we go with it down the corridor, trailing it; and we go into the next compartment; and we stand there with no leg or arm or nose protruding; and the soldier in charge of the lanyard gives it that yank; and the cannon, in its own compartment, with the utmost privacy, shoots.

It is a 4.7. I think of the centuries of "design" that have come to a temporary finality in that type and in our other types, for their several separate purposes of death. Such a concentration on death!

I am told to watch a certain spot on the horizon. It is over the water, over Chesapeake Bay. I cannot see the water. But I watch the spot. The officers out there have been told by us, by telephone, that this shell is coming. They will note its fall, its length of travel, its range. They will make tables of ranges. I watch the spot. It is a pale white. Suddenly it is a dirty fuming black.

It is the last shot of the day. Evening has come. We are going back to camp. But I keep watching that spot, that spot of black death. It melts back into pale white, into sky, into eternity. And I find myself saying, over and over again, in silence, a thing I saw on the bulletin-board back in camp. "Catholics who have not made their Easter duty will do so on or before Trinity Sunday, May 26th."

WILLIAM HARD.

Henry and Edna

THAT night Henry W. Henry lay sleepless for a time that he reckoned by hours. Edna, to be sure, had seemed to put her question without any will to annoy. She had had the dutiful air of a wife who seeks light and turns automatically to its source. Yet eleven years of married life had taught Henry to suspect that no question could be innocent which he could not answer. He staid awake to nurse his irritation. As the night grew older the rising wind, which threatened to tear the curtains off their rods, sounded more and more sinister.

Uneasily, restlessly, turning every few minutes in his bed, angry with Edna because she slept without stirring, Henry subjected the events of the day to what he called a dispassionate review. No, it was not true that he had chosen for the ceremony an afternoon when Edna would be away. Had he not been waiting, merely and justifiably waiting, for weather that promised a rainy night and safety from flying sparks? Had not his judgment, upon

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this as upon so many other occasions, proved sound? Already the rain was beginning. The ceremony had happened to coincide with Edna's absence from home. That was all.

The ceremony itself had been well managed. That, at least, Henry W. Henry could truthfully say. With his own hands, assisted by the willing hands of Audrey Henry, aged nine, and Cyril Packard Henry, aged seven, he had laid a small bonfire in a spot previously chosen, at a safe distance from the barn, the garage and the house. Thither the children had trundled in their wheelbarrows those books which Henry had taken from their shelves, caused to be piled in two piles, one on the library and one on the school room floor, had surveyed once more in a judicial spirit, and had doomed. Meanwhile Miss Rankin had put Raymond Ellerton Henry, aged one, into his baby-carriage and wheeled him to the place of ceremonial execution.

To the speech with which the proceedings began, and in which he had tried to make the children grasp the fundamental reasons for the step he and they were about to take, Henry W. Henry looked back with self-respect. Here and there he had said things a little beyond Audrey and Cyril, but he had done so intentionally, knowing that what they did not understand they would nevertheless remember, that later in life they would make the wisdom he had lent them their very own. And his speech had had the supreme merit of clearness. Even Miss Rankin, who, though a good governess, sometimes looked inattentive when Henry talked, had been impressed. As for Raymond, too immature to react except by pointing at the bonfire and crowing, one might at least hope that the scene would not be quite wasted upon him. Earliest memories were often the deepest and most formative.

With soberness and gravity, in a style not uninfluenced, Henry W. Henry ventured to hope, by a perusal of opinions handed down from the bench, he had explained why the library in the library and the library in the school room must be purged by the burning of these German books. German literature, he had said, might, if one considered the subject in its larger aspects, be divided into two parts. There was what might be called an idyllic literature, which was designed chiefly for youth, and which by its pictures of humble folk, of toy-makers, wood-cutters, gnomes and peasants, gave a false and lying idea of German life and the German mind. In fact, there was only one form of hypocrisy to which these writers had not resorted, and that was because the notion of fair play was so inconceivable to them that they had never even thought of pretending that any one in Germany ever attempted to teach boys to play fair. Was this literature of lies fit to live? Should these pictures of a good Germany, of a land where simple people were addicted to simple peaceful pleasures, be suffered to poison young and credulous minds?

So dramatic was Henry's pause, and so compelling, that both Audrey and Cyril, although nobody had coached them, answered "no" almost simultaneously.

Proceeding to the other division of German literature, taking literature, as he believed he had already remarked, in its widest sense, proceeding to the propagandist books addressed chiefly to those of somewhat riper years, Henry asked whether a systematic attempt to make the world German in thought, as a preliminary step to the accomplishment of the odious design of making it German in fact, could be tolerated in a republic? The Germans were such poor psychologists, when it came to dealing with other nations, that everything they said produced an effect the exact opposite of that which they intended, yet even the Germans could not be so ignorant of other men's minds as to suppose that this systematic attempt to corrupt them would be long endured.

After the speech came the rest of the ceremony. Audrey and Cyril committed the assembled books one by one to the flames. Upon the whole they did their part in the right spirit, although Audrey once or twice betrayed an unbecoming exultation, and although Cyril, when Struwelpeter burst into flames, gave one mournful misplaced howl. Henry was quick to repress these manifestations. He reminded the children that a just sentence gains in dignity if executed without passion and without tears.

Not until the last book had been executed did Edna arrive. She was in her riding habit, her cheeks glowed, she walked swiftly. "I saw your smoke from the stable," she said. "O children, what a nice bonfire."

Even the children, so it seemed to Henry in retrospect, had heard this as a wrong note. Yet he could not help observing signs of relief, as if from a tension almost too august, in the eagerness with which they had turned to their mother and bewildered her with explanations.

At first Edna had not understood. For a while it had seemed to Henry that she would never understand. At last, when what had happened had become clear to her, she looked quickly at Henry W. Henry and away again. The look was the brush of a bird's wing, no more, yet Henry felt that Edna was ashamed. She stared hard at the skyline, her face changed, she began to laugh and stopped short. Then she had kissed Audrey and Cyril, suddenly, had snatched Raymond Ellerton out of his carriage and borne him away to the house.

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Henry W. Henry's recollections, while he lay awake and resented Edna's sleep and quietness, did not stop at this point. He remembered her visit to the school room, where he was certain she had stood and looked at the empty half-shelf. He knew her posture, for he had found her standing and staring in the library, where nearly two shelves were empty. And he remembered how she had said nothing, not even when they were motoring home alone after dinner, about the event of the day.

It was Henry himself who broke this silence, while they were undressing. He told Edna all about it. He explained that the reason he had given for not riding with her that afternoon was his real reason. And Edna, after saying there were some things she had rather not talk about, had talked easily and pleasantly enough about other things. Only after she had got into bed did she advert to the subject.

"Henry," she said, "I have been trying to understand. I almost do. Except one thing. Why do we Americans have to treat German books in a way that French or English people would think silly?"

This was the question which kept Henry sleepless. Oddly enough, he had not been able to think of the right answer.

But night is a bringer of sleep and of answers with sleep. In the earliest dawn Henry woke suddenly. His heart was beating fast. The waking and the excitement were effects of one cause, a Thought. His answer had come to him.

"Edna," he said, and touched her shoulder. "Are you asleep, my dear?" Edna moved a little, and said, "Well?"

"I have been thinking over your question, my dear, the answer to which, I cannot quite see why, did not immediately suggest itself. We must bear in mind that nature, which never repeats herself, has given to each nation its own characteristics. Ours is an idealism that I hope I am entitled to call lofty. Just as our American conversation is purer than, I am told, the conversation of the corresponding upper classes in England, so our literature is purer than, I am told, the literature of France. You will have, I presume, no difficulty in following me when I say that we have here a symbolism of which the significance can hardly be overestimated. As our ideal of purity in speech is higher than the French or the English ideal, so our ideal of patriotism is so much more exalted that we burn those German books which they still keep, I trust unread, upon their shelves."

A long pause followed this speech. Henry W. Henry himself broke the silence. "May I hope that you have grasped my explanation sufficiently to acknowledge its conclusiveness? . . . My dear Edna, you don't mean to tell me that you are asleep?"

But apparently, to judge from the regularity of her breathing, this was precisely what Edna did mean to tell her husband. The rain was over, the winds were laid. In the quiet of the early morning, too early for the noise of birds, Henry lay and meditated upon the beautiful completeness of his answer to Edna. Q. K.

British Labor in War-time

EVEN those who study most carefully the Labor movement in Great Britain are often puzzled if they are asked the simple question whether the war will have the effect of strengthening or weakening the forces of trade unionism. On the one hand, the necessities of war have imposed all manner of limitations upon the freedom of trade union action. "Official" strikes, declared constitutionally by the authority of the union executives, have become exceedingly rare: the Munitions acts have imposed many restrictions and have abrogated, at least for the time, the codes of trade union regulations built up before the war; and the Military Service acts, though to a less extent than in other belligerent countries, have necessarily had an adverse effect both on the active membership and on the free development of trade unions.

These facts are undisputed; but there are other facts of no less importance to be set against them. In the industries which provide the materials of war, trade union membership has very largely increased, and there has been an enormous influx of the less skilled workers into the Labor movement. The unions in these industries, moreover, have been placed in a very strong bargaining position as the result of war conditions; and, although they have usually refrained for patriotic reasons from the actual exercise of their power, the consciousness of it has given rise to a new spirit which cannot but produce big effects when the war is over and the check of national necessity removed.

No doubt, the unions will have to face a very serious position after the war. The period of demobilization and reconstruction will be, for them, a period of the gravest danger, and no one

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can venture to prophesy whether the increased membership and the new consciousness of power which they have gained during the war period will suffice to guide them to a solution of the problems with which they will be confronted. It can only be said at present that the hope that the trade unions will rise to the occasion and make the time of danger also a time of unparalleled opportunities taken and results achieved has grown very rapidly during the past twelve months, and is growing still more rapidly today.

If we are to make any estimate of the opportunity and the danger, we must concentrate attention on the new developments which have taken place in the trade union world during the last few years. The war has not so much set new tendencies in motion, as enormously increased the momentum of tendencies which were already at work in the years which immediately preceded it. The growth of trade unionism among the less skilled workers, the steady progress of the ideas of guild socialism and industrial unionism, even the tendency to workshop organization expressed in the shop-stewards' movement—all these are pre-war phenomena which the war has accentuated to an unprecedented extent. It is therefore necessary, in surveying these tendencies, to look back beyond the actual events of wartime to the industrial situation which existed in Great Britain before the war.

From 1910 to 1914, industrial unrest was prevalent. The emergence of the Labor party as a real force in 1906 was shortly followed by a period of political disillusionment. Finding that forty Labor Members in the House of Commons could not change the situation materially in a few years, the opinion of Labor swung back towards industrial action, and the strike weapon, almost discarded by many unions in the early years of the century, was resumed with new vigor. This tendency was greatly stimulated from 1910 onwards by the growing hostility of Labor to the industrial policy of the Liberal government, particularly as expressed in the Insurance act and the personality of Mr. Lloyd George. The shipyard movement of 1910, the transport strikes of 1911, the miners' strike of 1912, the famous Dublin dispute of 1913-14, followed in quick succession; and, on the outbreak of war, not only was a great struggle in the building industry just drawing to a close, but still more serious trouble was threatened in the mines, on the railways, and in the engineering and other industries. The war put an end for the time to these movements; but their causes remained, remain at the present time, and are certain to reassert themselves as soon as the heavy burden of war is removed.

Even more significant than the big growth of strikes during these years was the rapid growth of a new spirit in the minds of the younger trade unionists. Industrial unionism imported from the United States, and syndicalism imported from the continent of Europe both played their part in shaping this new spirit; but their influence can be easily exaggerated. In the main it was an indigenous growth, born of conditions closely resembling those which have given birth to similar movements elsewhere. The new spirit did not easily achieve a name or a body of doctrine; and still less was it manufactured by those who attempted to name and indoctrinate it. Out of the whole social situation, industrial and political, it rose as the resultant of a number of complex conditions.

The mass of the organized workers still have no name for this new spirit, though they are fully conscious of its presence in themselves and in the movement to which they belong. National guilds, or guild socialism, on the one hand, and industrial unionism on the other, are both bodies of doctrines expressing in different ways and degrees the new spirit, and attempting to give to it a more definite direction and a more conscious ideal. Both command only a very limited number of absolute adherents; but their power cannot be in any sense estimated by the number of those who subscribe absolutely to their doctrines. There is a growing mass of opinion in the trade union world which is neither guild socialist nor industrial unionist in the strict sense, but is solving many of the same problems in the same way. The position is seen perhaps most clearly if it is stated in this manner: Industrial unionists and guild socialists have sharp points of difference in theory and in practice; but the bulk of those to whom this successful appeal is made are far less conscious of their points of difference than of their underlying unity of view on many immediate questions.

Industrial unionism is familiar to readers in the United States, and need not be generally described. It is a strictly proletarian doctrine, preaching Marxian economics and the class-war and demanding the complete abolition of the state, which it regards as a capitalist institution destined to disappear with the capitalist system. "All power to the Soviets" represents not only its method but its ideal. Here it is sharply differentiated from the guild socialist view. The national guildsmen agree with the industrial unionists in demanding the direct management of industry by the workers—by hand or brain—who are employed in it; and they agree further in regarding the possession of economic power as the essential key to the possession of political power. They seek, however, not the abolition but the democratization of the state; and they desire a system of state ownership of industry

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coupled with actual management by the workers.

These are theoretical differences. On many of the practical issues a growing body within the industrial unionist movement is approximating to the views held by the guild socialists. The industrial unionists set out originally to smash trade unionism and to set up in its place a mass unionism on the I. W. W. model without distinction of industry, craft or sex. But more and more they have been driven by the logic of events to the view always held by the guildsmen that the method to be adopted must be that of the amalgamation of the existing trade unions on industrial lines, and that the policy of union-smashing can result only in futility and disorganization.

Similarly, in relation to the shop-stewards' movement, the pure milk of industrial unionism scorns this movement as a compromise with the trade unionism of today, and maintains its policy of building up an entirely new organization on strictly class lines. But although the "union-smashers" of the industrial unionist type make a good deal of noise, they do not represent any appreciable fraction even of the most advanced trade union opinion in this country. Advanced trade union opinion is concentrating, more and more, upon the amalgamation of existing trade unions, upon achieving the industrial structure, and linking together the industrial unions into large combinations such as the Triple Alliance, and equally upon achieving in the internal organization of the trade union movement a more democratic machinery, and a policy more inspiring and more constructive.

The central doctrine, then, that is at work in all the principal trade unions at the present time is the doctrine of "control"; everywhere the younger generation of trade unionists is preaching the view that what really matters is not merely the securing of improved conditions inside the existing industrial system, but the changing of the whole system, and the substitution of "industrial self-government" for the present "industrial autocracy." This does not mean that the advanced trade unionists expect a sudden or catastrophic change, or that their policy is revolutionary in the sense usually attached to the word. What it does mean is this: in framing their policy for the immediate present the younger trade unionists have always in mind the more distant future. If they cannot overthrow capitalism today, their object is so to establish their organization, and so to direct their policy as to make themselves the stronger for overthrowing capitalism when the time comes. They realize that their best chance of doing this is to make themselves fit to replace capitalism, and correspondingly they are more and more directing their efforts towards securing even a limited amount of control over the conduct of industry, in order that, by exercising this limited control, they may make themselves and their organization fit for a wider measure of control at a later stage.

It is easiest to make the nature of this policy clear by taking one or two specific instances. The railways have passed, during the war, under state control, which has meant in practice that they have been governed by an executive committee consisting of railway managers, acting on behalf of the state. The National Union of Railwaymen, one of the most advanced Labor organizations, has demanded, with increasing insistence, representation upon this railway executive committee. The demand for recognition thus passes into a definite demand for a share in the control of the railway service. The Post Office trade unions have similarly demanded an effective share in the control of the post office.

Nor has this demand been made with less insistence where the employer has been a private person or a Company. The real purpose of the shop-stewards' movement is very largely to secure an element of direct control by trade unionists over the workshops in the engineering industry, and it is significant that this movement is now extending to other industries as well, notably the textile and the boot and shoe trades. The shop-stewards, realizing that the old form of trade union organization, in which the branch is based, not upon the common place of work of its members, but upon the district in which they live, cannot be a suitable instrument for the securing of control, have aimed at building up a system of shop-stewards and trade union works committees which would effectively coordinate the action of the whole body of trade unionists employed in particular factories or workshops.

In doing this they have necessarily run counter to the established trade union machinery, and have found themselves impelled in many instances to take unconstitutional action, and to flout the recognized authority of their trade union officials. This is, in itself, regrettable; but some such dislocation is probably inevitable in the growth of a new movement. There is no doubt that the shop-stewards' movement does represent a new force in trade unionism, and that it will be a powerful factor in the new direction of trade union policy towards control. It has yet to find its recognized and constitutional place in the machinery of trade unionism; but no impartial observer can doubt that as soon as more settled conditions return, and it is possible to make constitutional readjustments, this place will be found. The shop-stewards have come to stay, because they stand for the new policy, and for the

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new system of trade union organization which is essential to that policy.

In manufacturing industry it is clear that, as soon as the trade unions set before themselves the task of achieving control, their first demand will be the demand for increasing power in the direction of workshop life and workshop conditions. This will involve, in all probability, a drastic readjustment of their relations with foremen and the representatives of the employer in the workshop. During the last two or three years there has been a notable tendency towards organization amongst foremen, especially in the engineering trades, and one of the most interesting questions of the immediate future of trade unionism is the relation which foremen will bear to the trade union movement. If the workers are to secure control clearly they will have either to get the foremen on their side, or else to subordinate the foremen to their organizations. There are signs that both policies are being pursued in different cases. For instance, the Railway Clerks' Association has of late years done most successful work in organizing the supervisory grades on the clerical side of the Railway services, and the National Union of Railwaymen has recently begun to follow suit.

In the engineering trades a considerable and growing number of foremen, who are promoted from the ranks of mechanics, have retained their connection with the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and other craft unions, even when they have been raised to supervisory positions. In other cases unions have pursued the directly contrary policy, and have actually insisted upon excluding from their ranks all workers who are promoted to such positions, on the ground that promoted workers inevitably become the "bosses' men."

So long as trade unionism was content with the existing wage system, and did not seek to transfer industrial control to the workers, there was no clear reason why this latter policy should not be pursued; but, as soon as control becomes the approved policy of trade unions, it is clear that their attitude towards foremen must necessarily be revised. If they are to control industry they must command the whole personnel of industry, and as a first step they must endeavor to include the lower grades of supervision and management in their ranks along with the supervised and managed. There are not wanting signs that younger associations are alive to the real position, and that they are more and more setting before themselves an all-grades industrial unionism which shall include, not only the rank and file, but also an increasing section of the salariat.

G. D. H. Cole

Oxford, England.

If Rubens Were Born Again

If Rubens were born again would there be a place for him in our world and what would that place be? Is there occupation for a painter such as he was, and is it possible that such a man would today choose such a trade? Has the art in our time such significance that so ample a mind and personality as his could find inducements to enter upon it, and if he did so would his amplitude and splendor of talents find their opportunities?

That these questions should be answered in the affirmative is not at all a foregone conclusion. We are accustomed to comment on the difference between the range and power of the great artists of the Renaissance and to compare them, much to their advantage, with the lesser men of today, but when we do this we generally fail to recognize some relevant differences of condition. In those days there were almost no scientists or engineers and very few architects. When Bramante died, Raphael was put in charge of St. Peter's and, later on, Michelangelo succeeded to the job. Not only Leonardo but several other distinguished artists were rather more interested in science than in their profession. Painting in those days was a respectable business, not an Art with a big A and boys who showed constructive talent were quite naturally apprenticed to a painter or a goldsmith. But it is strikingly true that many men who later take to engineering or even pure science show in youth a marked talent for drawing (and often continue it in later life as an amusement) and these would in the olden time have commonly been put to work in a painter's or goldsmith's botega. There was not then the same determination on the part of parents to put their children to some other occupation because it was more useful and profitable, and to consent to their becoming artists only if they were manifestly unfit to succeed at anything else.

Today the Giottos, the Piero della Francescas, the Albertis and the Leonardos, and probably the Titians, the Tintorettos and the Rembrandts also, would find some better employment for their constructive talents than painting, for today the sciences, pure and applied, the trades of engineer and builder, make a far stronger appeal to the creative imagination, and have an infinitely greater social significance, than that of the painter and sculptor. These have sunk very low indeed and count for next to nothing in the life of the community.

Today no really first rate man becomes a painter unless his first rate qualities are so restricted that he can do only that one thing. For instance among recent French painters the two who had the greatest qualities, Cézanne and Renoir, could do only the

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one thing, and Cézanne was so inept that he could hardly do that. Renoir was the perfect type of the great modern artist, a man brilliantly gifted for his peculiar expression but with no such varied capacities as to make a choice of trade incumbent upon him. As in the case of Corot and Monet and Rodin as well, if he had not had his particular art available he would have been at best a skilled laborer. And in the case of our American painters the same is true. We have no end of ordinarily competent people who might in some cases have done something else as well as they painted or modeled, but our unique great painter is Ryder who, his special gift apart, was wholly incompetent. A man with the energy of mind and range of power of a Rubens would today find a field more consonant to his capacities than painting is, and would choose to express himself in ways that meant more both to himself and to the community.

But if we suppose that the reborn Rubens had, through some force of accident, been driven into this narrow road, what would or could he have done? In a sense opportunity beckoned. In the city of New York, for instance, he would have found great buildings—railway stations, libraries, restaurants, theatres, hotel lobbies, schools and colleges, with great halls where people congregate and pass, and almost all of them he would have seen bare of any trace of pictorial decoration. When some existed it would have taken the form of easel pictures or very skimpy mural paintings, entirely incommensurate with the space. Subjects would have offered themselves without end. There is the teeming life of our cities, factories and mills; the varied beauty of our infinitely rich landscape; the picturesque opportunity of Esquimos in the north, of Indians in the west, and Negroes in the south, of which indeed the Museum of Natural History has begun to take advantage.

But, in general, Rubens would have found that painting does not really count today despite the fact that millionaires, upon the advice of experts, spend sums unheard of in all past time for things that are as irrelevant to them, to us, and to almost everything else, as are rare editions of Poe's Tamerlane or some unique and trivial americana, for which they spend relatively as much as renaissance princes did for unique classical manuscripts. Soothing sentimentalities of American landscape are now bringing their thousands, as the greater rarities of previous centuries bring their tens and hundreds of thousands, and contemporary interest can to some extent be aroused by the intellectualist vagaries of the "modern" painters, a class from which all intellect has been carefully sorted out by the demands of more serious and more engaging occupations. Nowhere is there a trace of interest looking to an art of painting that really means anything to our time which is at all comparable to what is meant to it by our physicists, our chemists, our inventors or our engineers, and this is true even if one regards only the emotional value of their work. This despite the thing which all the books tell us, that the significance of science is intellectual and that of art emotional.

No, Rubens might look longingly at the great spaces of our public and semi-public buildings but except for an occasional opportunity to decorate a court house in Dubuque or Kalamazoo, provided he had the necessary pull, his efforts would be confined to "self-expression," to painting little pictures which at first some amateurs would buy because they liked them, and later, if he became famous, collectors would buy whether they liked them or not. He would, if in some moment of clairvoyance his memory could return to the splendid days of Antwerp, of Whitehall, or the Prado, unquestionably feel that in the matter of painting the world had not moved onwards, and if he were inquisitive he might seek to know why in so brave an era, the interest in painting lay so largely in expensive exotics, in sentimental amiabilities, in trivial realisms, and in fatuous caprices.

There are a number of things that stand in the way of genuine progress. There is, for instance, the notion of art as something superfine, opposed to the industrial; as eternal, and therefore opposed to the merely transitory. We are often shocked in reading how in the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth centuries splendid old buildings were torn down to be replaced by others that the people of the time preferred, but which we do not. We think of those people as vandals but of course they were perfectly right. Their culture may have been deplorable but they showed their good sense in regarding buildings and their contents as matters of contemporary interest and not as museum objects. It was too bad that the pictures by Mantegna that Pope Julius II destroyed in order to have them replaced by Raphaels were frescoes and therefore not susceptible of removal and preservation, but if Julius preferred Raphael to Mantegna he was right in doing what he did, just as he would have been if he had changed his Packard for a Rolls Royce. We commonly regard the pictures that we buy as things to be saddled upon us forever instead of looking on them as things to be scrapped or sold when we are through with them. It is even considered a matter of reproach that any one gets rid of pictures that he possesses, because it seems to prove that he had blundered in buying them or that he is inconstant, or that he does not really care about art anyway. But, on the contrary, it is rather discreditable that one should want no change in the pictures, the

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buildings, the furniture, amid which one lives. Some supreme monuments of noble or exquisite perfection may well remain like islands in a sea of change, but the absurdity of Louis XV in a medieval castle for example, is obvious, and there are often changes in the course of people's lives that are quite as great in their way as those in nations from century to century.

"Period" furniture and furnishings are among the unconscious humors of our day. The public library in Washington is full of most abominable painting which ought to be redone. The rotunda of the Capitol contains pictures which are stupid atrocities. And in the Doge's Palace in Venice and in the Pantheon in Paris, the bulk of the pictures have long since outlived their usefulness. They were perfectly justified when they were done, but only masterpieces outlive their generation. An intelligent policy would replace them every twenty years or so, except in the few cases where they proved more permanently interesting. Art should be one form of contemporaneous adventure and should no more insistently burden the future than should contemporaneous adventure in methods of heating, lighting or transportation.

If there were permitted such freedom of adventure, our great halls could be filled with paintings done with generous ease. Not the obsession of eternity but that of genuine contemporary interest should count. Rubens's magnificent Quos Ego (Neptune in his chariot), which is now in Dresden, was painted to decorate a triumphal arch on the occasion of the entrance into Antwerp of the Cardinal Infante Ferdinand, as Governor-General of the Netherlands. It became a permanent possession because of what it is and not because of what it was intended to be. Pictures and all other works of art grow to be classics and are not made as such.

Real opportunity for work and not the millions spent on scraps of panel or canvas by our comic millionaires (they are quite serious on Wall Street or in Pittsburgh) are significant for art. If the thousands that move about or linger in the great lobbies of our stations and other buildings could have rich, glowing canvases about them, and could have those that are exhausted of their interest replaced after a while by others, not only would our artists have opportunity and inspiration, but painting would begin to mean something in the life of our time. Boys of sensibility and talent would see in painting, and the same thing is true of sculpture, a relevance, a force in contemporary life as great as that of study in the laboratory or in the engineering field. They would have more or less continuously the inspiration that has been offered with conscious temporariness in our world's fairs. Under such conditions painting would no longer mean the emotional triviality and the introverted intellectual mediocrity of the Academy or Independent shows, and the young Rubens who was growing to maturity would not be driven away from painting to some other occupation more worthy of his creative powers.

LEO STEIN

War and the French Working Woman

FRENCH manufacturers are beginning to learn that an intelligent organization of industry can utilize woman's gift for rapid work, while diminishing her fatigue and increasing her wage. Here is an example: Women working on Grillet lathes in a munition factory at Lyons were turning two hundred 75-shells at five francs per one hundred in a ten-hour day. 85 per cent of the time required by the process the operator sat idle; 15 per cent only went into her labor of removing the finished piece and replacing it on the machine. The management calculated that by a rearrangement of machinery two lathes could be handled by one woman; this would reduce waste time to 75 per cent and increase production from two hundred to four hundred pieces. It offered to pay three francs fifty per one hundred instead of five francs—that is fourteen francs per four hundred pieces in ten hours instead of ten francs per two hundred. The workers were at first afraid of not reaching the four hundred figure, but when two of them had succeeded without increase of fatigue—unskilled laborers handing them the shells and replacing broken tools—all the rest wanted to earn the fourteen francs. The management for its part made six francs more on each woman though it paid her four francs more than it had before.

It is probable that the French working woman will have to put up with a differential scale for a long time to come, but even though paid less than a man, she may consider herself definitely freed from starvation wages. There was heretofore no limit to the lowering of the price by her work; but now that industries like the textile industry, which paid her wretchedly, have been obliged to raise wages to keep a sufficient working force she is liberated from the thirty cent day. In the department of the Ardèche, between le Teil and Aubénas, women silk winders and weavers began at one franc a day. Even though the differential regime be maintained, the difference between woman's and man's wage is diminishing. The proportion of two francs twenty for the unskilled girl and five francs for the unskilled male laborer in cotton mills no longer exists.

The administration of the government arsenals has applied a system which is more unfair to women than the differential wage; one-quarter less wage "for wear and tear to machinery." A woman taken on as an unskilled worker at the arsenal of La Mouche began at three francs a day, whereas a man was paid four francs for exactly the same

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work. No repairs to machinery were here in question since it was entirely hand work—piling 75-shells, or corking them with wooden bungs. It was pure prejudice that made out the woman as inferior. Women who were in fact quicker at this work were paid a quarter less than men condemned to warehouse labor because of their inability to handle machinery.

In a mixed team giving the marble test to try the hardening of metal before and after dipping, three wage scales were in use at the Lyons Arsenal; one for the Chinese hired on contract at one franc fifty a day (plus food, lodging, clothing and forty-five francs a month for their families), one for Frenchmen, and another—a quarter less—for Frenchwomen. War industry has used women to speed up production. They have frequently set a new pace in factories where it was insufficient. This has given them a bad name; they have been called "scabs" and accused of ruining machinery; their very virtues have been made the justification for an iniquitous wage scale. It is really not the quality of their work but their condition as women that is hard to endure. The monumental liberation which has come to them through the needs of war industry is vexing to ancient masculine custom. As a foreman expressed it, "They are grabbing too much for themselves."

Indeed, the rapidity with which women have succeeded in the most varied types of work in trades that were quite new to them is a sort of professional humiliation for certain workmen. At this same arsenal where they are taken on at a quarter less wages there are thirty-five of them in the machine shop; a sharpener, who worked in a cinematograph before the war, earns nine francs a day. They have been tried at everything from the most delicate to the heaviest work. Everywhere possible the "quarter less" has been justified by a masculine aid given to the women; the turners are kept constantly supplied by unskilled laborers, and are not supposed to adjust their machines themselves, but they are demanding to do it and to get men's wages. It often happens that they do their own feeding and adjusting without an increase in wage. In any case there is no just relation between the loss of one-quarter of the wage and the feeding of the machines by unskilled labor. A man loses five minutes per hour, that is fifty minutes per day, in reaching for the shells on the transporter, whereas a woman for whom this labor is saved loses in wages the value of one hundred and fifty minutes per day. Here again an intelligent organization would provide for the supplying of all turners without sex distinction, so that the machinery might be kept constantly in motion; it is left imperfect to preserve an anti-feminine prejudice.

At the lathes for 155-shells the women have been provided with pneumatic tackle and for this reason get "a quarter less" while men have a higher wage because they handle the shells by hand. Yet the women succeeded in turning more shells in a day than the men. The women thus obliged to produce one hundred and twenty-five pieces while the workmen produce only one hundred force themselves continually. One of them said, "You have to get a gait on to earn as much as the men do." She makes one hundred and forty pieces a day with the aid of the pneumatic tackle; that is to say fourteen arm-movements an hour, each half a minute in duration are spared her, and for this she loses in wage the value of two and a half hours.

The old masculine trade pride is content with this differential scale imposed on woman. The claim "equal wage for equal work" was formulated for woman by man less from motives of solidarity than from a desire to exclude her if she worked for the lowering of wages. It was a first precaution against the invasion of trades by women; the employer's desire to take advantage of hands at a lower wage was offset by working-class justice. If women do as much work as we, said the men, they must be paid as we are. But since their entrance in huge numbers into masculine trades has been suddenly accomplished, masculine hospitality has also changed. Women's work, say the men, cannot be equal to ours. Why should their wage be? It would be a contradiction to our whole social spirit in France that woman, who has been kept inferior for centuries in her legal and political condition, should suddenly become equal to man in her condition as a worker.

The most intelligent workmen, however, see that justice in the wage scale can only be attained by a corporate solidarity that makes no distinction of sex. If they declare woman inferior instead of equal, advantage will be taken later of these divided forces. Yet it is logical and prudent that the old masculine trades should react against the admission of women. In all the industries where labor has been feminized wages have declined. If the metal trades, where the recruiting of women is recent, should through their means reach the wage conditions in the textile industries the workingman's fear of the war recruits would seem to have been motivated not by jealous acrimony but by an entirely reasonable mistrust. This masculine hostility can be transformed, is actually being transformed into determination to give woman a trade-union and syndicalist discipline. Whatever the consequences of her entrance into trades, workmen must face this final fact: *she is there.* No example exists of woman's having withdrawn from a profession where she has once penetrated; in modern industry her work is on the ascendant. The war situation gave her a tremendous impulsion but one that was already foreshadowed by earlier needs. The stronger France becomes industrially, the more will the French working woman be shut up in the factory. The difficulties of our labor market force this consequence.

II

Yet the physical exhaustion due to factory work comes more quickly to woman than to man, not only because fatigue wears more heavily on her greater delicacy but because once her day's work is done, a new work begins—that of wife, mother, housekeeper. She is the person who has never finished. If she and her husband, both working outside, come back to their lodging for meals, who prepares them, who lays the table, gives the children their lunch for school, gives the man his "bite"? When she does night work she does not go to bed in the morning but cleans her rooms and darns. The young working women think at first that night work is a blessing because it leaves their day free. But without sleep they are quickly overwhelmed with weariness. Strong muscular girls, who work in alternating teams, grow thin in three months.

An industry must therefore shorten its working day in proportion as it adopts a feminine working force. This shortening was begun in France by the law of 1892-1900

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for a ten-hour day which applies to women of all ages and to children under 18. To keep the benefit of the law of 1848, permitting a twelve-hour day to adult males and escape the law of 1900, fixing ten hours work as the limit for adult males employed in the same room as women and children, certain factories put the children under eighteen in a sort of barred cage in a corner. Thus the men work twelve hours and the children ten.

Few industries are, however, able to divide their teams in this way. In spinning and weaving, if the women and children of the personnel stop work, the whole factory shuts down. Thus the workman will profit by the amelioration that working-class law will increasingly enforce in all the feminine trades; just as the ten-hour day for men was a consequence of the employment of women and children with them, so the eight-hour day will be assured to them by the social necessity of saving the working-class mother.

The exhaustion of woman by long days and low wages seems one of the greatest stupidities that industry can achieve. In the mere interest of those who employ her she should be less weary than man. The part of the nation most hard hit by her sterilization is the very one that needs labor. To stop working with your hands only to work with your entrails is too much. The fate of man is preferable, and the working woman gets as close to it as she can by means of birth control. She is defending herself, who dares attack her? Industrialism gives woman's fragility too enormous a burden to bear for her not to want to lay down all that she can of it, first of all her child.

Game laws were not made till it became necessary to save wild animals from total destruction. An employer who does not love his neighbor may still give baby-clothes and savings-bank books to the new born children of his workers. But what assurance has he that the child to whose maintenance he has contributed will work in his factory thirteen years later? Industrial leagues should render this aid to working mothers; the initiative of certain enlightened employers should be made legally obligatory for all. One of the most successful is the payment of the entire wage during the time the woman is unable to work, and a prize for every living child born. Thus industry recognizes that it owes the workman, in addition to his wages, an aid proportionate to the size of his family. Why should two workmen who do the same work draw the same pay if one is single and the other a father of four children? The bachelor contributes no lasting force to industry? Not charity but justice requires that the prospective mother should have her wage maintained and the father his increased. The maternity pension law of June 17th, 1913, is humiliating in its terms and false in its philosophy: "Toute femme de nationalité française et privée de resources, qui se livre habituellement chez autrui à un travail salarié comme ouvrière, employée ou domestique, a droit pendant la période de repos qui précède et suit immédiatement ses couches à une allocation journalière sans que celle-ci puisse se cumuler avec aucun secours public de maternité."

The working woman replies to this insult by abortion. She is right. We want woman to reproduce for the salvation of the nation and to furnish men for army and factories—and we offer her as recompense eight weeks of public charity! The laws of property are more solidly constructed. What profit does she herself find in maternity? It increases her suffering, her risks of illness and death, her financial burdens. If a big family wants to take the tram on Sunday it must pay for as many seats as it has children above the age of seven, at the same rate of payment as the prudent bachelor or the young woman who has known how to escape the penalty. That is why large families in France go afoot, one child in the mother's arms, another on the father's shoulders, and the rest dragging heavily behind in hobnailed boots.

All the propaganda in favor of maternity amounts to nothing unless, when the talking is done, somebody does the paying. The propagandists cannot give the working woman an interest in maternity for they cannot prove that it will not be her undoing. To repopulate France a legal revolution is necessary. The social right of mothers remains to be established.

PIERRE HAMP.

Gray Coffins

Gray coffins! Gray coffins!
The submarine patrol!
Who tries his fate in one of them
Needs bronze to bind his soul.

Two and twenty young men
Kept Christmas at their ease,
Keeping watch for periscopes,
Somewhere on the seas.
Pine boughs on the wheel-house;
Holly on the guns;
Christmas cheer for Christians;
Red hot Hell for Huns.
Opening their bundles,
Saying "Same to you!"
Grinning at their sisters' taste,
Not a man was blue.
Short shrift for the turkey;
For the cook, a cheer!
Then carols—sung too softly
For submarines to hear.
But when the fun was over
And the night-watch was set.
Bill passed an unseen pine bough
And found his eyes were wet.
Red balls, he saw, and silver,
And gilt stars shining dim,
And gaudy birds on fragrant boughs;
The tree he used to trim!
Tom by his city Yule log
(Forgetting it was gas!)
In fancy sat at wassail
With Christmas punch to pass.

These two and twenty young men
Will keep next Christmas—Where?—
You won't find one of them that knows
Or one of them to care.
Dulce et decorum's what they mean—
It isn't what they say,
As, smiling at the future,
They keep their watch today.

Gray coffins! Gray coffins!
Watch dogs full of fight!
Sharp eyes for the outlook,
Teeth bared to bite!

M. J. O'SULLIVAN.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Unconditional Surrender

SIR: I wish that I could concur in your view that a worthy victory is possible without forcing Germany to unconditional surrender. I should be happier if I could. The reason why I cannot is specific. The President has stated it clearly. Germany is faithless. Her word is worthless. To negotiate with her would be to make another scrap of paper. Unconditional surrender is the only guaranty now within her moral power to give that she will not again stand forsworn.

And if this were not true, would you even then be quite right in holding that insistence on unconditional surrender "is wholly unnecessary for any belligerent to adopt whose cause is good"? President Lincoln and the people of the North did not think so when reluctantly they decided that war against a confederacy in rebellion must be waged to the bitter end. History has justified their decision.

To make Germany free or powerless is not an alternative. Germany will not be made free unless, and until, she is made powerless.

FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS.

New York City.

Help for Stammerers

SIR: Surely in the New Republic there ought to be justice for a great afflicted class that has never been able to find it elsewhere. Every year 30,000 children contract an affliction in which society confirms them by means of a misapplied convention, so that we continually have in our midst 1,000,000 unhappy defectives inefficient in peace time and unserviceable in war time. Today our public schools are unfitting 200,000 of our future citizens for effective citizenship. Of that number 150,000 are boys. Seven army corps of possible defenders put out of commission before they have a chance to get into commission. Will you speak a word against the continuance of that aid to the enemy?

Most of the causes of stammering are unavoidable and old cases are practically incurable. Therefore, the only escape from this leading speech affliction is at or near its inception. But society forces the stammerers to talk when they do not want to, and thereby confirms them in their difficulty. We excuse the child who is lame in his legs from what he is unable to do and thereby give him a chance to recover; but we do not excuse the child who is lame in his speech and thereby force him into a life of cruel suffering. Society is doing the wrong and society itself should right it. Help the stammerer to refrain from stammering. Encourage him to wait until he is calm or to make signs or to write, but not to indulge the inclination if he ever expects to lose it. The mother should absolve him from all required talking, the teacher should excuse him from all oral work, the employer should give him the minimum amount of talking to do, and should allow him to write what he fears to say. The papers should preach "prohibit stammering," as they do "stop spitting." Then the leading speech disorder will gradually disappear and we will prove our efficiency in a new and great field, the salvage of human speech.

ERNEST TOMPKINS.

Pasadena, California.

Announcement

OWING to the enormous increase of government war work, the governmental departments at Washington are being flooded with letters of inquiry on every conceivable subject concerning the war, and it has been found a physical impossibility for the clerks, though they number an army in themselves now, to give many of these letters proper attention and reply. There is published daily at Washington, under authority of and by direction of the President, a government newspaper — The Official U. S. Bulletin. This newspaper prints every day all the more important rulings, decisions, regulations, proclamations, orders, etc., as they are promulgated by the several departments, and the many special committees and agencies now in operation at the national capital. This official journal is posted daily in every postoffice in the United States, more than 56,000 in number, and may also be found on file at all libraries, boards of trade and chambers of commerce, the offices of mayors, governors and other federal officials. By consulting these files most questions will be found readily answered; there will be little necessity for letter writing; the unnecessary congestion of the mails will be appreciably relieved; the railroads will be called upon to move fewer correspondence sacks, and the mass of business that is piling up in the government departments will be eased considerably. Hundreds of clerks, now answering correspondence, will be enabled to give their time to essentially important work, and a fundamentally patriotic service will have been performed by the public.

Are These the Real Criminals

SIR: The real evil geniuses of this war are not the Kaiser and the Crown Prince, but Albert Ballin, director of the Hamburg-American line, and Walther Rathenau, director of the German General Electric Company, who planned the devastation of Belgium and France with the same fiendish efficiency with which in a different manner the big corporations in this country devastated their competitors in former days.

The only effective League to Enforce Peace of the future will therefore be a league of business men, more particularly an International Fuel and Iron Corporation, which will control and distribute the coal and iron of the world as the U. S. Steel does here. Without this the efforts of rulers and diplomats will be at best temporary.

WM. F. TURNBULL.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. H. A. Wise Wood Thanked by Radicals

SIR: Mr. Henry A. Wise Wood and Company should have a vote of thanks from all radicals and also from those whose heads and eyes are still reasonably unclouded.

Denunciations of Veblen's Nature of Peace have gained to the book at least one reader who would not have read it. They have converted me—to Veblen.

LIEUTENANT.

Washington, D. C.

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Early American Patriotism

Cambridge History of American Literature, Vol. I; Colonial and Revolutionary Literature, Early National Literature, Part I. Edited by W. P. Trent and others. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

WHAT America is thinking about today is of immense interest to the whole world. Indeed the increasing deference of the older nations has since 1914 dragooned even literary America into some show of self-respect. It is going out of fashion to deprecate the mention of American men of letters, for American literature is being re-read—or read for the first time—not only for its intrinsic interest, but for the light it can throw on the evolution of our national self-consciousness. Prospective readers have therefore expected a kind of special integrity in the Cambridge History of American literature, and have greeted with satisfaction the announcement of volume one. Such expectations are, however, doomed to disappointment, for the book is the product of many men of many minds, and the resulting eighteen chapters are of various kinds and degrees of value. The volume has a certain distinction, but it is the distinction that belongs to a collection of monographs—more useful to the expert than to the general reader.

An expanding idea of American patriotism is commonly developed from a reading of presidential messages, and the utterances of congressional and other professional patriots; but the unconscious record is quite as significant in the prose and poetry written by representatives of the people who had no personal concern with constituencies, elections or party measures. From the beginning of things American, patriotism has been tacitly accepted as a cardinal virtue, and all the way along it has depended for stimulation on the consciousness of unfriendly neighbors, waning in time of peace, and rising to fervid heights in face of wars or rumors of wars. The star spangled banner has always been shown with melodramatic effect by the battle's red glare; in other lights it has hung listless and relatively unheeded. In the period covered by the first volume of the Cambridge History the murky backgrounds have been supplied by the Revolution, and by the War of 1812 with the excited years that followed.

From the days of earliest settlements the remote and primitive conditions in America nurtured a distinct colonial consciousness. Whatever the theory of government, the actual circumstances of life here made it fundamentally different from life under the same ruling powers in England. The Revolutionary war was the blotchy punctuation point which still marks the achievement of independence though the chromatic changes from unqualified loyalty came so subtly that the Revolution had occurred in the minds of many when the war for separation was still a long way off. Out of the turmoil of the Revolution at close range emerge a pair of illusions which have done much to obscure intelligent Americanism from that day to this. The first is the blind optimism of the "manifest destiny" formula. Says Freneau, in his college commencement just before the war,

> Paradise anew
> Shall flourish, by no second Adam lost.

And Barlow, writing a dozen years later refers to

> The peaceful seats, reserved by heaven to grace
> The virtuous toils of some illustrious race.

Of all the bland dependents on the divinity who should shape the ends of America, the author of the Letters from an American Farmer elaborates his thesis at greatest length. Crevecoeur had come to this country in 1756 after birth and boyhood in France, and an education in England, and had experienced military service in America under Louis, and citizenship under George the Third. The chances to live and labor as a free man on the western frontier were intoxicating to him. The new world seemed so illimitable, the need for immigrant settlement so urgent, and the plight of those who had seized the opportunity so happy, that Crevecoeur lost all sight of the possible duplication of European mistakes on this side of the Atlantic. His prophetic habit of mind was only half developed; conditions were so entrancing that the future was unclouded by any doubts or shadows. The resources of the land were immense, the new coming population from the north of Europe was frugal, upright and industrious. There was little wealth and no poverty in view, and no prospect—within his vision at least—of the industrial revolution which was already beginning to take place. So the American farmer had every excuse and a good many reasons for chanting the song of the manifest destiny. The formula spread quickly, widely and permanently, and for the better part of a century seemed to emancipate the average American from any sense of personal responsibility to the nation.

The other fallacy of "magnificent isolation," established in the years after the war, was, of course, given its foremost political expression in the farewell address of Washington. America to the improvident, seemed in truth as Timothy Dwight announced,

> remote from every foe
> From Europe's mischief and from Europe's woe!
> Th' Atlantic's guardian tide repelling far
> The jealous terror and the vengeful war!

In 1794 Dwight was far from absurdity; he was quite correct in his assumption—for 1794. When Washington Irving made his first crossing ten years later, he was fifty-nine days in passage; and the mind of his generation, though full of fine dreams for the future, projected the advance of science chiefly on the solid earth. Freneau, in what he evidently regarded as a jovial flight of fancy, came closer than anyone else to our own near prospect in his Progress of Balloons:

> At sea let the British their neighbors defy—
> The French shall have frigates to traverse the sky.

Yet his most ambitious excursion was over terra firma;

> The man who at Boston sets out with the sun,
> If the wind should be fair may be with us at one,
> At Gunpowder Ferry drink whiskey at three
> And at six be at Edentown ready for tea.
> (The machine shall be order'd, we hardly need say,
> To travel in darkness as well as by day)
> At Charleston by ten he for sleep shall prepare,
> And by twelve the next day be the devil knows where.

On the whole, sober imagination was checked by thought of the ocean. Burke's speech on Conciliation with the American Colonies was delivered four weeks before the Battle of Lexington, but the news had not yet reached Boston on the momentous day. The development of telegraphy with and without wires, and of the present "North Atlantic Ferry," were as unimagined as the over-seas aerial service of day after tomorrow.

Nevertheless at the very turn of the century the isolation theory was found wanting at one point, and that the most vital. To consider the seas as a barrier was to indulge

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in a metaphor satisfactory only to the patriot who was resigned to living in complete national severance from the rest of the world; but it soon led to confusion of thought. For this barrier, like a converted embankment in Paris, was also a boulevard, and the question of freedom to traverse it was soon at issue. It is Freneau again who sounds the warning in his lines On the British Commercial Depredations:

> Ships from our shores, with native cargoes fraught,
> And sailing to the very shores they ought;
> And yet at peace!—the wrong is past all bearing.

Truly an old song. Nevertheless, Freneau was ahead of his time. Reliance on a national security which needed no league to maintain it was the up-to-date illusion. The average of patriotism was a compound of national complacency and a vague desire for the country's good. In the farthest confines of the social vista were neither slum nor factory, political boss nor financial buccaneer. Over all brooded the peace of God. It is exactly because of their placid provincialism that the writings which embody this idea have their place in the history of American thinking.

One other refrain which prevailed in all the poetry of the time was the horror of war produced by the memory of the eighteenth century, and the contempt for it which American isolation seemed to make safe and reasonable. Dwight has probably compacted this mixed emotion more expressly than any other:

> Fathers, brothers, husbands, sons and friends
> In millions hurried to the untimely tomb;
> To gain a wigwam built on Nootka Sound,
> Or Falkland's fruitful isles; or to secure
> That rare soap bubble, blown by children wise,
> Floated in air, and tinged with colors fine,
> Pursued by thousands, and with rapture named
> National honor.

The hatred of conflict was not a merely temporary reaction at the close of the war. Joel Barlow, the most ambitious of the colonial epic writers, in the final form of his Columbiad in 1807, held to the same thesis. His chief object, he explained, in writing this poem was moral and political. His epic belonged to the new century, and embodied its newer ideals of peace. Homer taught "that conquest, violence, and war were the best employments of nations"; "Vergil wrote and felt like a subject, not like a citizen." Barlow's avowed object was to do away with all this. The temptation to hold him up to scornful comparison is obvious; but the attentive reader of his preface will come on one passage which is more prophetic than funny. He could not expect, he said, even republican readers to agree with him that the federation of the world was sure to come. "But there are two sentiments in which I think all men will agree; that the event is desirable and that to believe it practical is one step toward rendering it so."

At this point the case for the Revolutionary period may well be allowed to rest.

For the Americans who came to maturity in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, America was an accomplished fact—a nation slowly and awkwardly taking its place among the nations of the world. To be sure the place they wanted to take was one of withdrawal from the confusion, and of safety from the entangling alliances which could ever again involve it in the warfare from which they were so glad to be escaping. Secure in their magnificent isolation, they aspired to grow up as dignified, remote and respected neighbors of the Old World.

Unhappily, however, the United States could not muster any more dignity at that time than a clumsy adolescent; for the finest dignity "is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly," whereas the new nation was self-conscious, quickly irritated by foreign criticism, and uncomfortably aware of crudities in manner and character.

In regard to foreign criticism, there were ample reasons for annoyance in America. As early as 1775 John Trumbull had felt it hopeless to expect fair treatment from British reviewers, warning his friends Dwight and Barlow,

> Such men to charm could Homer's muse avail,
> Who read to cavil, and who write to rail.
> When ardent genius pours the bold sublime,
> Carp at the style, or nibble at the rhyme;

and the Mother Country after the War of 1812 was less inclined than ever to deal in compliment. Man after man came over,

> Like Fearon, Ashe, and others we could mention;
> Who paid us friendly visits to abuse
> Our country, and find food for the reviews.

Moreover, all the time that England was criticizing her runaway child, she was maddeningly complacent as to her own virtues. Americans could not strike back with any effect, because they could not make the English feel their blows. So they fumed for half a century, their discomfort finding expression at last in Lowell's lines,

> I guess the Lord druv down Creation's spiles
> 'Thout no *gret* helpin' from the British Isles,
> An' could contrive to keep things pooty stiff
> Ef they withdrawed from business in a miff;
> I han't no patience with sech swellin' fellers ez
> Think God can't forge 'thout them to blow the bellerses.

A further reason for uneasiness was that honest Americans knew that the country deserved criticism. It is unpleasant enough for Seventeen to be nagged by an unsympathetic maiden aunt, but it is intolerable if she has some ground for her naggings. In a period of such rapid expansion as prevailed in the young manhood of Irving, Cooper and Bryant most of the population were inevitably drawn into business undertakings that were usually eager and hurried, and often slipshod and even shady. American colleges and their graduates were not as distinguished as they had been in the earlier days, and the new influence of enriching culture from European universities was yet to come. In the cities, and notably in New York, vulgar possessors of mushroom fortunes multiplied rapidly, establishing themselves in mortgaged houses, filled with servants, and "whatever is necessary for a 'genteel liver,'" and bringing up vapid daughters like Halleck's Fanny, who in all the modern languages was

> Exceedingly well versed; and had devoted
> To their attainment, far more time than has,
> By the best teachers, lately been allotted
> For she had taken lessons, twice a week,
> For a full month in each; and she could speak
>
> French and Italian, equally as well
> As Chinese, Portuguese, or German.

At the same time the countryside was developing a not

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altogether admirable native type. At their best Halleck wrote,

> The people of today
> Appear good, honest, quiet men enough,
> And hospitable too—for ready pay;
> With manners like their roads, a little rough,
> And hands whose grasp is warm and welcoming, though tough.

And at their worst Whittier looked back half a century, to 1818, and recalled them as

> Church-goers, fearful of the unseen powers,
> But grumbling over pulpit-tax and pew-rent,
> Saving, as shrewd economists, their souls
> And winter pork, with the least possible outlay
> Of salt and sanctity.

A natural consequence of such foreign criticism and such domestic culture was that American writers whose judgment was worth anything bided their time, recognizing that democracy was on trial, that America for the moment must be a nation of workers and waiters, and that the rising glory of the New World must ascend the heavens like a star, and not like a sky rocket. The frequency with which they indulged in essays, orations and poems on the future of the arts and the prospect of letters in America, is testimony to the hardship it was to possess their souls in patience.

There is room—and need—for a history of American literature which, without being one-sided, shall follow along this progress of national consciousness from the sources, through Irving, Cooper, Bryant and Emerson, (with whom the first Cambridge History volume ends) and on to the present. In the whole pageant, witnessed to the end, there appears a fine constant of national magnanimity, and a broadening consciousness of a national debt to the world group. If there is any safety in arguing from the direction in which we have been moving, our chances seem good for steering a safe passage between the equal fallacies of conceding nationalism rampant as a social finality, or regarding nationalism gone mad as the final verdict of an ironical god.

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

Labor and the State

Le Socialisme contre l'Etat, par Emile Vandervelde. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 3 francs 50.

THE very title of this book reveals the immense change that is taking place in the orientation of socialism. Five years ago, it was but a handful of heretics who denied the value of a political assault upon the state. Today, it is a commonplace that the moral claims for which socialism broadly stands neither government ownership nor government control will in any full sense realize. For, after all, the real significance of the labor movement is essentially its ethical character. What it implies is a protest against the degradation of the personality of the worker. The capitalist organization of industry means a working class without access to the riches life can offer and very largely deprived of that opportunity of assisting in the disposition of their effort which is the most valued characteristic of any intellectual labor. It was, before the war, believed in most liberal circles that the conquest of the state through political action was the main avenue along which to travel in pursuit of the desired goal. It is today at least understood how immensely more complex is the whole problem.

Of that complexity M. Vandervelde's work is deeply interesting evidence. In no sense original, it gains importance on the one hand from his distinguished position among European socialists and on the other from his experience, during the last four years, of the internal mechanism of government. M. Vandervelde insists upon the completeness with which the capitalist organization of industry has reached upon the processes of the state. He urges that the parliamentary system has in fact simply broken down. Party government may be, as Bagehot claimed, the vital principle of representative government, but it is then only obvious that representative government is not the last word in political discovery. Upon the basis of the classic analysis of parliamentarism, M. Vandervelde compiles a striking tabulation of its defects. The ease with which an electorate can be corrupted or intimidated; the facility with which information can be misinterpreted and even falsified by the press; the methodical organization of masses of men into unreal groups voting upon issues themselves too often unreal—all these lead to the choice of a legislature in no real sense representative. Within the deliberative assemblies themselves the machine has triumphed. The boss in America, the front-bench agreement in England, the subservient deputies of the great financial groups in France—all these are typical of our time. In France particularly M. Vandervelde notes the tendency of the great business corporations to send their legal counsel to the chamber that their interests may be best safeguarded. In such an analysis it is, as he sees, largely impossible to expect from such assemblies any fundamental change. Capitalism has so completely conquered political power as to make it impossible to work through Parliament towards its final defeat.

The workers, M. Vandervelde urges, must organize a state of their own within the categories of the present regime. Only by their cooperation in every department of social and economic life can the ideal of democracy be other than illusion. Nor does he conceal from himself how profound must be the effort. The democratization of law is in itself a task of immense magnitude. Elaborated, as it has so largely been, simply as a weapon in the defense of existing interests, it is the inmost citadel against which the assault must be made. He seems to accept the deliberate opinion of Ostrogorski that the masses will achieve their object very largely as a result of intimidation. He points out, for example, how the Belgian chamber was only induced to pass the social laws of 1866 as a result of revolutionary violence; and there is a famous sentence of Mr. Gladstone's which erects this belief into a generalization. Certainly the experience of the railroad brotherhoods in 1916 in this country is in accord with that conclusion; and it has been the experience of English labor in this war. We must, in fact, as Professor Dewey has pointed out, treat the question of intimidation in pragmatic fashion. There is no necessary virtue in order; we have to test its value rather from its results. If it means the retention of the modern industrial system there will be few unwilling to doubt that a period of social disturbance may not have its merits. M. Vandervelde, moreover, goes on to show how the trade unions are gradually, if slowly, acquiring what has been well termed an economic sovereignty over certain fields and stages of production. Anyone who reads the great analysis of English trade unionism by Mr. and Mrs. Webb, or of French practice by M. Maxime Leroy,

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will be driven to realize that, more and more, the domain of government is becoming the control of consumption, while the workers themselves are attempting the regulation of the productive process. There is herein a deliberate effort after a suggestive division of power.

M. Vandervelde does not minimize either the difficulties or the duration of the struggle. He understands how fatal would be a premature attempt at control. He realizes that no working-class movement is secure when confronted by such threat as that of militarism. Nor is he led astray by such an easy ignoratio elenchi as that of M. Leroy-Beaulieu. Socialism, said the latter in his well-known book on the state, is the state control of industrial enterprise; state control of industrial enterprise is wasteful and unintelligent; therefore socialism is wasteful and unintelligent. That is a typical professional simplification. The facts are less easy. In such enterprises as are suited to governmental management there is, as Mr. Ashmore Baker has shown in a striking monograph, less waste and greater facility of service. But, in any case, what is meant by socialism is something far different from state control. What is meant is the devotion of the means of production to the common good in such fashion that the present inequities are removed from the distributive process. So far from that implying government control, it means, as M. Vandervelde insists, essentially a division of power within the community—a division which he expresses in the Saint-Simonian separation between the government of men and the administration of things. It implies, at the very outset, some system of decentralization. Between the strike in its governmental, and the state in its industrial aspect, M. Vandervelde denies that there can be identity. Administrative autonomy, fiscal autonomy, autonomy in the choice of personnel—it is these he claims as alone capable of assisting in democratization of the whole. The immense bureaucratic engine, so fashionable some twenty years ago, the conception of government in merely geographical terms is to M. Vandervelde hardly less repugnant than capitalism itself.

It is obvious that M. Vandervelde's book thus bears an important relation to the more recent development of socialist theory in England and France. What, mainly, it represents is an appreciation of the significance of the great society. There is a real danger lest we be overawed by our institutions; and it is only by the democratization of directive control that release may be obtained from their pressure. And exactly as the emergence of representative government marked an epoch in political history by its provision of a fundamental safeguard against the perversion of the state, so it is becoming likely that the discovery of federalism will mark a similar advance. For the first great need of politics was to prevent conscious malevolence, and that, in some sort, representative government secured. But it is hardly less important to secure protection against the vicious ease of paternalism; and the secret of that protection lies in the new perspective of federalism. What, as M. Vandervelde points out, we are coming to see is the impossibility of reconciling the moral issue which democracy summarizes with a method where responsibility and power are collected at a single centre in the body politic. That, as he says, was the real value of the syndicalist protest against the absorptive state. But the mistake of syndicalism was its protest against the state not less than its absorptiveness; and the tendency of modern theory is to retain the strength of syndicalist affirmation while rejecting the weakness of its denials. Men are, as the syndicalists saw, fundamentally producers, but they are fundamentally consumers also; and no representation of their interests would be adequate in which both aspects did not find a place. That is why, even while we insist upon the importance of function, we dare not minimize the significance of geography. Etatisme in the first would be as fatal as its absence in the second; though even in that second a true democracy, as M. Vandervelde emphasizes, will ceaselessly endeavor to relate the generalizations it evolves to the local experience it encounters. The problem of government in the next half century is in no small degree to discover new areas where a decentralization at once real and efficient can be made.

It is perhaps worth while to suggest that nothing is more greatly needed in America than critical analysis of this kind. The tendency of political research is to the elaborate but static description of functions without any corresponding attempt at dynamic interpretation. There is surely too little realization of how necessarily subjective even description must be; how little more effort is needed to turn a good description into a fundamental thesis. The problems cry out for study. Legislative methods, the separation of powers, the American cabinet, economic influences in Congress, the atmosphere of judicial decisions—there is at least a great field yet to be traversed. We have reached, as M. Vandervelde insists in this book, one of the critical eras of history. What we attempt and what we achieve will largely depend upon the knowledge we possess. There are students in America, like Mr. Veblen and Mr. John Dewey, who realize that we have been driven back to the fundamental notions of the state. But it is not until that has been generally understood that our effort will be commensurate with our need.

H. J. L.

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English Metres

A Study in English Metrics, by Adelaide Crapsey. New York: Alfred Knopf. $1.00.

THIS slender posthumous study by Miss Crapsey — a poet always and a professor on occasion — is evidently one of the many books that have been called out by the present day interest in rhythms; and it has the virtue, unshared by many of its fellows, of being rather different. The younger scientists seem interested in re-defining the old terms: foot, stress, pitch, etc. Miss Crapsey is interested in the word itself, in its function in determining rhythms, and in the relations of word length to other technical problems.

The vocabularies of English poets, she says, can be divided into three distinct structural types. The first type, that of the nursery rhymes and Swinburne, contains an extreme number of mono- and dis-syllables; the second, that of Pope and Tennyson, is a medium vocabulary, and the third, that of Milton and Thompson, is polysyllabic. This, Miss Crapsey has demonstrated by actual count. Its importance will be seen after an examination of her second thesis.

She continues: "No prosodic theory is adequate which fails to recognize within the verse-structure, as a whole, a complex of three inter-existent structures: 1, the verse-form proper, itself two-fold, consisting of (a) the rhythmic arrangement, and (b) the syllabic arrangement, by means of which the rhythm is exteriorized; and 2, the substructural phonetic speech arrangement." By this, I think Miss Crapsey meant to say that there is, in every line of poetry, a definite drum-beat rhythm that is more or less exteriorized in the syllabic arrangement. On this rhythm, or under it, are syncopated the normal rhythms of speech — the substructural phonetic speech arrangement — or, to use of her own quotations: "'a line of verse is a portion of speech material with all its features adjusted without violence to fixed and definite scheme.'"

With this much of Miss Crapsey's work, I think all will agree. But after she has done so much that is good, she turns to a discussion of triple and duple rhythms and their relations to word length. She assumes that those pretty abstractions, the iamb and the trochee, actually exist in living verse. She suggests that a mono-dissyllabic vocabulary is heavy and that a polysyllabic vocabulary is light. She concludes that it is more difficult to write duple rhythms in a monosyllabic than in a polysyllabic vocabulary. Thus, and this seems to be the purpose of her book, it is unfair to compare the technique of Milton, who used duple rhythms with polysyllables, with that of Swinburne, whose vocabulary was monosyllabic and who was inclined to use triple rather than duple rhythms. Finally, the technical achievement of a poet who uses short words is not so great as that of a poet who uses long words. Swinburne would have been a greater poet had he used bigger words!

There seems to be, in this argument, much that is good and a great deal that is nonsense. To say that Swinburne would have been greater had he used longer words is equivalent to saying he would have been different had he been different, the scholastic A is A. Nor is it at all evident that a monosyllabic vocabulary is heavy and a polysyllabic vocabulary is light. The number of connectives, particles, etc., would seem — a priori, at least — to counterbalance the number of light syllables. Finally, Miss Crapsey's assumptions of duple and triple rhythms may not pass unchallenged. Until we have good working definitions of the metrical foot and line, comparisons between these poets who use duple and those who use triple rhythms must be useless.

In spite of these questions, the book is one of the few on this subject that was worth writing. Interest attaches to it, of course, because of its authorship. In the second part of her work, where she becomes slightly polemical, the charm of Miss Crapsey's personality begins to manifest itself. She says, for instance: "If I now take refuge in an increasing use of the pronoun of the first person it will be recognized, I hope, as being not the I of arrogance, but the I of humility and caution. Just what may be in the mind of the total hungry generation, I should not venture to say, but I can make sober and faithful report of what part of it is known to me and mine."

Unfortunately, Miss Crapsey is no longer able to answer the questions that the "hungry generation" may desire to put; nor can she defend a position that is so eminently worthy of defense. It is not surprising, however, to one who has enjoyed the delicate workmanship of her lyrics, that Miss Crapsey should have thought long and seriously about the technical side of her vocation.

R. D. JAMESON.

A Conflict of Codes

Through War to Peace, by Albert G. Keller. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

RUDOLF VON IHERING delivered a lecture in 1872, called The Struggle for Law, which opened with the words: "The end of the law is peace. The means to that end is war." He maintained that the origin as well as the progress of law is legislative and purposeful, in opposition to another distinguished German, Savigny, who held (as have most English and American jurists—at any rate Sir Henry Maine and the late James C. Carter—and most sociologists and anthropologists everywhere) that law is recognized and authoritative custom, and custom the result of unconscious growths and natural selections.

"An expedient that works," says Professor Keller, "always impresses the partially informed as necessarily due to planful action. . . . The camel's foot looks as if it had been planned for desert use. . . . When natural selection is done, the product is always 'rational,'" which however is none the less "unplanned and automatic." So too in "social progress." Savages proscribe close-in marriage, and we discover that inbreeding tends to degeneracy, and have some inkling of the true causal connections. But the law indefinitely antedates the reason. Plants elaborately provide for cross-fertilization, and the exogamy laws are almost if not quite as unpurposed a product of variation and selection as a camel's foot. "The customary may show the same sort of rationality as the natural," but customs, which are as rational as feet in their result, are also as unrational in their causes.

Ihering has not often been instanced among the men who were formative influences of that German phenomenon which now forms the nucleus of an international tornado, and yet his teaching is much to the point. The origin, history and character of the British and German Empires have significant analogies with the differing theories of Savigny and Ihering on the origin, progress and character of law. The German empire seems more the product of

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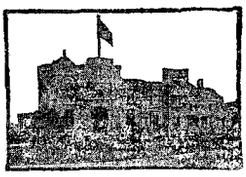

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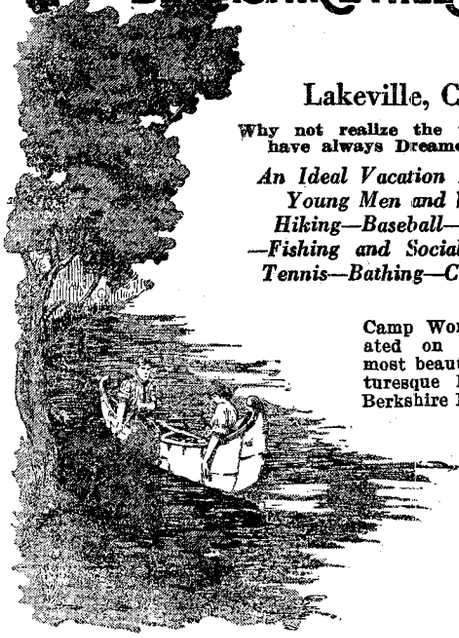

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plans; the British empire mainly the product of events—as any democracy like America must be, mainly, and the more completely so the longer it lasts. What war in English history for centuries back, or in American history anywhere, was ever planned and started with a purpose? The Danish, Austrian and Franco-Prussian wars were planned by Bismarck, arranged and set going for distinct purposes, and the purposes were achieved.

To Professor Keller the idea that even the German empire is the product of plan is largely illusion, which doubtless is true, and to the extent that it is not an illusion, there lies the centre of the trouble, for there lies the reason for the code which makes of Germany, in some sense, an outlaw in the civilized world.

"If you want war," Professor Keller quotes from Sumner, "nourish a doctrine. Doctrines are the most frightful tyrants to which men ever are subject, because doctrines get inside of a man's own reason, and betray him against himself."

"A doctrine is an article of faith"—to quote further and independently from the same essay of Sumner's on War—"The nearest parallel to it in politics is a reason of state. The most frightful injustice and cruelty, which have ever been perpetrated on earth, have been due to the reason of state." In reality, "the motives from which men act have nothing at all to do with the consequences of their acts. . . . Men act from immediate and interested motives, and the consequences come out of the forces which are set loose." The statement may be too absolute for most of us to indorse, but it is not too emphatic for the importance of the huge and generally forgotten truth which it emphasizes. With Ihering's doctrine that: "The end of the law is peace. The means to that end is war"—meaning by "war" simply competition and contest—Professor Keller as well as Sumner are in substantial agreement. Nor did Ihering maintain that all development of custom and law was purposeful, nor Savigny absolutely the opposite. The difference is relative.

But the difference is important. It is Professor Keller's thesis that this war is a contest of codes; there was such a thing as an international code, not always lived up to, but recognized and held for a desirable ideal, which forbade "Schrecklichkeit" in war, demanded the keeping of pledges and "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind," and carried an implicit denial that the interest of any state is or ought to be the supreme and sole rule or duty of that state.

The thesis seems to be sound. The reason why German warfare is so strangely ruthless seems to be the same reason why religious wars have always been strangely ruthless. German nationalism is a cult, soaked and impregnated with doctrine handed down *ex cathedra* from above. Why does the German's mind and moral judgment work at such divergence from the norms of the civilized mind and moral judgment? Because he nourishes a doctrine, and it has got inside his reason.

Contributors

WILLIAM HARD—A writer on public affairs, now investigating problems of organization in Washington for the New Republic.

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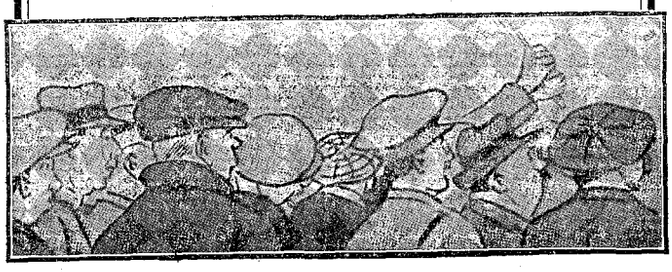

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